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ANNIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Annie hath a slender waist,
  Annie hath a mouth rose-red;
Once I caught and held her fast,
  And in tender whispers said:
"Dearest, if I let you go,
Will you kiss me? Yes, or no!"

Annie's step is light as air,
  Annie hath a thousand charms;
Like a little bird in a snare,
  So she fluttered in my arms,
Giving ne'er a kiss to me—
If she loved me, wouldn't she?

Annie hath a neck, milk-white,
  Annie's thoughts are free from art;
Being mad with my delight,
  In the beating of her heart,
Said I, "If I let you go,
Will you love me? Yes, or no?"

Annie hath a russet gown—
  To the hem about her feet,
Low she cast her eyelids down,
  And she answered, sweet, so sweet
"Love you, if you let me go?"
Was her answer yes, or no?

Close I clasped her slender waist,
  Down I drew her to my knee;
Neck and cheek and mouth I kissed—
  "Annie, will you marry me?
Did your little, light caress,
Lily fingers, mean me yes?"

THE ACCURSED INHERITANCE.

A ROMANCE OF THE 18th CENTURY.

BY J. G. DURANT

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1865, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER MULE.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE SONS OF THE SOLDIER.—THE PROVOCATION.

It was in 1716; a year from the death of Louis the Great. The duke of Orleans had been named by parliament regent of France, in despite of the will of the late king, who, carrying his hatred to Philip even to the tomb, had desired that his nephew should be but *chief of the regency;* that is to say, under a pompous title, he was to be the obedient servant of a council composed of princes of the blood, of ministers of state, and of the marshals Villeroi, Villers, Harcourt and Tallart.

One beautiful September morning, three travellers stopped before an isolated inn, on the road to Poligny, a little village built at the foot of a high mountain, *the Reculet*, one of the high ridge of the Jura.

The inn in question, though very shabby in dimension, had not such a very bad appearance; it was built of stone, whitened with plaster, and then covered with tiles; an orchard filled with fruit trees, and surrounded by a hedge of hawthorn, extended on the right; its front was shaded by a couple of gigantic oaks.

"What do you think of this, Cyril? and you, Julien?" said one of the travellers to his comrades, stopping before the inn. "I am tired, very tired; and I am hungry and thirsty; and we have perhaps still much farther to walk! Let us rest awhile!"

"Let us rest!" said the other two.

"Halloo! Host!" said the former, without more ado, sliding to the ground at the foot of one of the oaks. "Halloo!"

"Why should we not enter?" said Cyril.

"That's true," said Julien. "If you want a drink, Raphael, we shall be better off, it seems to me, within?"

"Is it better to sit upon chairs than upon this grass! Better between four walls than have a full view of this panorama! We are surely well off here, let us remain. Who loves me, will imitate me!"

Cyril and Julien, without more opposition, took seats on the grass.

A young woman, dressed after the fashion of the country, came out of the inn and advanced towards the travellers.

"What is it you require, gentlemen?" she asked with a curtsey.

The three brothers, with one common accord, looked first at the peasant woman, who blushed under this triple glance, less bold, however, than admiring.

"It is, my child," said Raphael, "that we are thirsty." And she was about to re-enter the inn. "Hold on!" said Raphael; "it is true we are thirsty and can empty a bottle, but before you serve us we would like to know whether we are far from Poligny yet."

"Far! Oh no, sir; you are but a quarter of a league from it."

"What!"

"Certainly, sir! Twenty minutes walk, straight before you, and you are at Poligny. You can perceive it from here, sir, down the upland."

"Truly! Those little houses down there. I had taken that for a village!"

"It is true! It has that appearance from a distance! But you will find on going nearer that it is another thing! Oh! Poligny is a beautiful town, sir, very beautiful and very large! It has nearly four thousand inhabitants!"

"Oh! oh! four thousand inhabitants. And are they all as pretty as you, my dear?"

"That you will see for yourself, sir, when you get there! I will go now and fetch you your wine."

The pretty woman went away quickly.

Less than a minute after she re-appeared, and perhaps a little confused, but not embarrassed—for, after all, they had not said anything offensive to her. She placed, on the ground, before the travellers a bottle and three glasses.

In bending to do this she had brushed, with her sleeve, the shoulders of him who had addressed her. As she was rising, he seized her hand, saying:

"A word more, will you, my dear?"

"Willingly, sir;" and, with a little show of displeasure, she added, "there is no need to hold me! I have no intention of flying away!"

"Hem!" replied Raphael, smiling, "who knows! If by chance my word was to ask you for a kiss, perhaps I should have done well to take precautions against a refusal!"

The peasant woman, blushing more than ever, bent her head.

"I only give kisses to my husband, sir," she answered.

"True! Don't be foolish! And as your husband is not here, why not, then?"

"That's where you are wrong. He is here. You'll see him in a moment."

The young woman showed him, with the hand which was left free, a peasant, lying a little distance from the travellers, in the shade of the hawthorn hedge; and taking advantage of Raphael looking at her husband, she disengaged her other hand from the fingers that held it.

However, the peasant was not sleeping, or if he was he slept very lightly, for the moment Raphael and his brothers turned their eyes towards him he had raised himself on his elbow, and was examining the travellers with interest. He was a young and vigorous man, clothed as were most of the mountaineers, in a jacket made of goat skins.

"Jeanne," said he, in a mild tone, after a second more given to his examination, "Jeanne, if these gentlemen desire to kiss you, don't refuse them, wife. With polite people, be polite."

The husband had scarcely finished before our travellers were on their feet and each of them in turn had placed a kiss on the rosy cheek of Mrs. Jeanne.

When Raphael, who first had set the example, turned round, desirous of giving thanks for himself and for his brothers, he could scarcely refrain from uttering an exclamation of surprise.

The peasant had resumed his former position, with his head buried in the grass, and he again was, or pretended to be, asleep.

"Most assuredly," said Raphael in a low voice to his brother, seating himself again on the grass, "it seems that kisses are matters of little consequence in this country."

And addressing Jeanne, who had remained at the same place where she had been obliged to in order to execute, perhaps without much trouble, her husband's orders:

"And now, Mrs. Jeanne," went on Raphael, "let us go on more serious topics. Do you know the hostlery of the Golden Apple in Poligny?"

"Yes, sir. The hostlery of the Golden Apple is on the market-place."

"Very well; and it's master is called——"

"Cristopher Brunel."

"That's right. And—the bailiff of Poligny, where does he live? Tell me, if you please."

"Exactly opposite the hostlery of the Golden Apple."

"Good! And—he is called, M. Joseph Roudier?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all right. Our information was correct. That is all we want to know. Thank you, my sweet little Jeanne. Now we are going to see if your wine is as good as your cheeks are rosy and your husband amiable."

Jeanne was no longer there. Raphael had uncorked the bottle and filled up the glasses.

Raphael took one, and striking it gently against those of his brothers:

"The health of our father!" said he.

"The health of our father!" repeated Cyril and Julien.

And they drank; and as they drank the peasant stretched near the hedge, raising himself again on his elbow, examined for the second time the three travellers with curiosity.

Let us do like Jeanne's husband, since the occasion is offered us.

Cyril, the eldest of the three, was twenty-eight. He was large, dark and strong. He had fine, regular features, with black eyes, expressive of resolution and intellect.

Julien, the second, was about twenty-six; a small but exact likeness of Cyril. And, like Cyril, he was beautiful. And, like him, he was robust, and had an intelligent countenance.

As for Raphael, the youngest, no one assuredly could have imagined him to be the brother of the two men whose portraits we have just described. There was not even what is generally termed a family likeness. They were large, he was small; they were dark, he fair. The only point of resemblance which existed between Raphael, Cyril and Julien, was the expression.

Raphael's glance, [illegible] vivacity of spirit, joined to courage. Only if there was as much kindness in his eyes as in those of Cyril and Julien, they possessed, besides, a shadowy delicacy, which gave him a peculiar charm.

Our three brothers were dressed uniformly in a travelling suit of extreme neatness—coat and vest of drab colored cloth, the cloaks short, and the sword at the side.

Raphael, quite pensive, had put back his empty glass before him.

"Well, brother," said Cyril, touching his arm, "what are you thinking about?"

Raphael smiled sadly.

"I am thinking of our father, who is all alone now," he replied.

Cyril and Julien pressed in their large hands the young man's hand.

"We'll see him again," said Cyril.

"Yes, we shall see him again," repeated Julien.

"I hope so," said Raphael, with a sigh. "No matter, it is a strange fancy he had, my brothers, to send us away from him. For what purpose? Where we not happy down there at Grenoble, in our home on the borders of the Isère? What did we want. Nothing! And now we are here, in a strange country, going straight on, ignorant of our destination.

"Ah! I do not disguise it: when our father spoke to us of this journey, at first, like a bird to whom space is shown, I felt myself start with delight. But now, in spite of myself, at certain hours of the day—above all those hours when we used to be at the side of our good father—I feel a vague sentiment of regret and fear. It seems to me—I, who have never known what it was to do aught than laugh until now—that I am going soon to learn to weep."

Raphael was silent. Cyril, after exchanging a glance with Julien, gravely uttered these words:

"Our father told us that on this journey depended our future and his; you know it, Raphael?"

"It is true."

"But he told us, also, that if in the course of this journey one of us gave way before the annoyances or the dangers which might surround us, that he had the privilege of turning back."

Raphael started.

"Why recall that to me, Cyril?"

"Because, if you regret so deeply our home, Raphael, we will not stop you. You are free to leave us; we will continue alone our route."

Raphael bit his lips; a light shone from his eyes. He was about to reply with vehemence; the calm and sweet physiognomy of his brothers stopped him.

"I have done wrong," he muttered; "I was wrong. I acknowledge it. I deserve this lesson. I am foolish and ungrateful, when our father has ordered, to discuss his will. '*Do what's right, come what may.*' That is the device our father gave us as a rule for our conduct when he bade us adieu. It is the password, he told us, which would aid us to distinguish our friends from our enemies, in the task which he imposed upon us. Mysterious and perilous it may be—this task we will accomplish. Wo to him who retreats whilst the others advance. I was wrong. Pardon, brothers. I belong to you, as you belong to me. '*Do what's right*——"

"'*Come what may!*'" replied Cyril and Julien together.

And they anew extended their hands to their youngest brother, as a pledge of the faith they had in him, and as thanks for the faith he had in them.

The bottle had just been emptied by Julien into the glasses; our travellers were about to drink and start again, when their attention was drawn by the sound of voices.

Three men were approaching the inn, all three carried guns and a hunting knife in the belt. Two of them were disputing with vivacity, the third listened, approving or disapproving by a gesture. From what Raphael and his [illegible] a lost track. The hunters had arrived close to the spot where Raphael, Cyril and Julien were sitting.

"Halloo!" cried the one who appeared the most animated, after having cast a glance on these people sitting on the grass. "Halloo! Jeanne—a table, chairs and wine."

At the approach of these new-comers, the peasant we have spoken of—the man with the goat skin coat, the husband of Jeanne, suddenly left his seat and came before them.

"I will serve you immediately, gentlemen," said he, bowing.

"Ah!" replied the hunter, "you there, Thomas! But we don't want you, 'tis your wife."

"I have heard sir, but——"

"But——"

"My wife is not in, consequently——"

"That will do; say no more, fool. If Jeanne is out, serve us then, and quickly; you know we are not in the habit of going into your hot-house. And above all, give us some fresher wine than last time, or I'll break your bones! I am ill-tempered to-day, I warn you."

Without replying, Thomas hastened to the interior; he returned soon, carrying a table and seats, which he placed by the oak facing the one under which the three brothers had placed themselves.

The hunters had set their guns on the ground.

"With all that, my dear Beaumesnil," said he who had spoken so rudely to the innkeeper, "here again is another day past and lost in running over the mountains. Who is the idiot who promised you we should see the beast this side of the *Reculet?*"

"He is not an idiot at all, my dear Stenio; do not get angry. He is one of my best hunters."

"That wine will never come! Thomas! Miserable wretch, would you have us parch."

"You asked to have it fresh, gentlemen. I had to go to the cellar."

"Where is Jeanne?"

"Gone to Poligny."

"Poligny! I would bet she is hidden somewhere in your hut, you brute; because you don't wish her to wait on us."

"Don't wish! Why so, sir? Indeed you are too polite and too kind for a woman not to be anxious of your company."

In spite of the bow with which the peasant had accompanied his answer, he had not been able to entirely disguise its ironical meaning, for he we have called Stenio, frowned, and seizing a glass full of wine, threw the contents in the face of the unfortunate Thomas, saying:

"Take that. And are you also anxious of my company, animal?"

The inn-keeper, his hair and body streaming with the liquid, had not moved. Probably he was accustomed to such marks of politeness on the part of this grandee.

But Raphael had made a movement as if about to rise.

"Where are you going?" said Cyril, stopping him by the arm.

"Where am I going?" replied the young man, "but——"

"What passes there does not concern us."

"That is true; and that gentleman is a brute, and the peasant a coward. But he pleases me, this Thomas, and out of gratitude for the kisses which he permitted us to give to his wife. I am really sorry he has not more courage. I would have willingly helped him to correct this individual who so villainously throws his wine instead of drinking it."

While thus speaking, Raphael picking the grass around him to give his nerves some occupation, observed his neighbors laughing heartily at the piteous appearance of the poor peasant, as he moved away shaking himself.

If the axiom is not false, which says that the eyes are the mirror of the soul, the soul of the gentleman who had thus outraged a poor peasant ought to have been of the most wicked kind, for his eyes bore a very sinister expression. He was, however, a fine-looking cavalier, and had a distinguished bearing; but every now and then his face revealed such inclinations for cruelty, that one felt in contemplating it, the same effect one has at the sight of those reptiles, endowed with an outside of brilliant colors, which hides a mortal venom.

Beaumesnil, the second gentleman, was nearly the age of Stenio—about twenty-eight years of age—and like Stenio, was tall, well made and good looking. He was deficient, however, in the appearance of strength and health which the first presented. Nights of bebauchery, had at the same time weakened the body of this man, withered his features and spoiled his heart—if he ever had one.

The third hunter—the one who was satisfied to listen to the others while they discussed, but did not disdain to join them when they amused themselves by the misfortunes of a poor inn-keeper—answered to the name of Mendez. He was a man of some forty years, with an olive complexion, and coal black eyes, small thin lips, and a nose shaped like the beak of an eagle. Although he was dressed like his companions, although, like them, he wore the bag wig—the latest fashion—lightly powdered, it was easily seen, on examination, that he was ill at ease in this scanty costume and ridiculous head dress to which assuredly his youth had not been accustomed.

However, after having laughed heartily as if the facetiousness we have just related had been as witty as comic, our hunters began to pay their respects to the bottle.

As Stenio turned towards his companions, his glance met that of Raphael.

The laugh vanished immediately from the nobleman's lips.

Raphael's look was so expressive of contempt that Stenio could not mistake it for an instant.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, with haughtiness; "have you, perchance, anything to say. It seems to me that you are troubling yourself very much about me."

Raphael half bowed.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I might indeed have something to say to you; but what would be [illegible]

"How! what would be the use of it? Do you then suppose I am not capable of understanding you?"

Raphael was going to reply.

"Be silent," murmured Cyril. "If there is to be a quarrel between us and these men, I am not willing that we should make the first advances by provoking them."

And Cyril, half turning towards Stenio, answered:

"We are not of this country, sir; it is therefore excusable if we do not know its customs. My brother wished to say to you that he was astonished that the inhabitants of these mountains were of such a peaceful disposition that they submit so readily to insults."

"Ah! ah! that surprises you, gentlemen. And in your country, what would a peasant do to a nobleman who should have thrown a glass at him?"

"The peasant would kill the nobleman, sir," simply answered Julien.

"He would kill him! Ah! ah! ah! And the name of that country where the peasants kill the noblemen?"

"Who insult them, you understand, sir."

"Let us say who insult them."

"Dauphiné, the Scotland of France."

"Ah! Dauphiné is the Scotland of France. I was ignorant of this particular. Ah, ah, many thanks, sir, for the information. If you like, Beaumesnil, and you also, Mendez, we will go one of these days and travel down there, whip in hand, to judge for ourselves of the warlike humor of those Scotchmen of the continent."

"I do not advise it, sir," said Raphael, with irony.

"You do not advise me! In truth," replied Stenio, "you are right, for I do not like advice, and I never accept it from any one."

"Sir!"

"What is it?"

"Raphael!"

"Stenio!"

Those four words, uttered almost at one time, were pronounced by Raphael and his brothers on one side, by Stenio and his friends on the other.

If Cyril and Julien did not desire a quarrel, Beaumesnil and Mendez did not either. On both sides prudence sought to soothe matters.

A moment of silence followed. Raphael had resigned himself to obey his brothers and turned his back to Stenio. Stenio had decided also to yield to his friends' advice, and turned his back to Raphael.

At this moment an unexpected spectacle occurred to distract and appease the agitated spirits.

At about three hundred yards, on the Poligny road, were three creatures advancing in the direction of the inn. These three creatures were a man, a woman and a mule. The man held the mule by the bridle; the woman was seated on the mule.

The man wore a strange costume, partaking certainly more of the Gitano than of the Christian; upon his back a kind of stable coat; a *sombrero* upon his head; a striped cloak over his shoulder; a rapier upon his hip; and, lastly, over the right eye a large black patch. The woman was still more singularly clad. She had her face half enveloped in a veil; a piece of red and white striped stuff around her body in the Indian style; with her hands crossed upon her knees. She seemed either asleep or to be in prayer.

The man sung while guiding the mule.

The mule, harnessed in Spanish fashion, jogged joyously on, from time to time shaking the bells attached to his ears.

Raphael, Cyril and Julien looked with interest

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on this group, which recalled to them those old pictures representing Bohemians travelling.

Stenio and Beaumesnil began to laugh anew at the appearance of this comic trio.

Mendez this time was not laughing. He examined with curiosity the costume of the woman on the mule.

"What can they be?" said Stenio. "Where do they come from?"

"They are people from Callot, upon my word," answered Beaumesnil. "Look at that man. And that woman, who is asleep in spite of the ringing of those little bells."

"Do you think she is asleep? I bet you if the mule should fall the woman would not wake."

"Oh, this is exaggeration."

"Do you bet? A hundred louis?" asked Stenio.

"Very well; a hundred louis! But how to prove it?"

"That's my business!" replied Stenio. "You will see! I have not been able to kill a bear. I am going to kill a mule. That must be much easier, don't you think so?"

"What! You mean——"

"I mean to get my hundred louis, by Jove!"

The end of this edifying conversation had taken place in a low voice. Raphael, Cyril and Julien had not heard it. Placed in front of these gentlemen, the brothers had not even seen the movement of Stenio when seizing his gun.

Stenio levelled it.

"Stop," said Mendez, hastily extending his hand. "What are you about to do?"

But Stenio's finger was already on the trigger.

The mule stopped short, uttered a groan, stood on his back limbs, tried to walk again, reeled, and at last broke down.

The unhappy beast had received a bullet in the breast.

CHAPTER X.

SONGHANDIE, THE INDIAN WOMAN.

Simultaneously with the pitiful groan uttered by the mule, two screams were heard. One was a cry of grief, which emanated from the man with the black patch; the other was one of anger, and came from Raphael's throat.

Stenio, with his gun still smoking in his hand, stood laughing at the result of his stupid victory.

Beaumesnil laughed also with his friend.

Mendez alone remained serious. His eye was fixed on the woman in the Indian dress, who, dragged along by the fall of the mule, was now rolling in the dust.

The three brothers exchanged glances. They had no need to speak to understand each other. They were but a dozen paces from Stenio, and that distance they freed with one bound.

"What is it?" said Stenio, at seeing these three men suddenly standing before him.

Raphael took off his hat; his brothers imitated him.

"Pardon, sir," he said, in the calmest tone, "one word: you assured me just now that you never accepted advice from any one, and I am much disposed to believe it. But—when you have shown yourself to be foolishly wicked and cowardly, does it never happen to you to receive lessons?"

Raphael had not finished speaking when Stenio, in a transport of rage, raised his hand.

But the three brothers had foreseen this movement; they simultaneously drew back a step, and the gentleman's hand found itself suspended above three threatening blades.

"Ah! ah!" said Stenio, drawing back, almost in spite of himself, "three against one, my brave fellows!"

"You judge us by your own valor, sir," replied Cyril. "Choose the one of us who suits you best. The other two will remain neutral." [illegible] would prefer to join the party, which would be infinitely more agreeable for everybody."

Beaumesnil and Mendez had, in fact, joined their friend from the moment the swords had flashed.

The gentlemen appeared to be consulting together.

"Well!" called out Raphael, ironically, "we await you, my masters. Have we then understood aright! Are you—the three of you—only fit to insult and torment poor folks?"

Stenio became livid; he was about to start forward; Mendez restrained him, and alone advanced towards the brothers; the olive-colored man looked at one and the other, as if he would have willingly measured these enemies who dared to attack him and his companions; then, with his hat on his head, said with dignity:

"You are mistaken, sirs; the Count Stenio de Balmaseda, the Chevalier de Beaumesnil, and myself, Don Mendez y Lorredo, have never declined the honor of a rencontre with whoever it might be—even to unknown people."

"Our names are Cyril, Julien and Raphael Brisson, and we are the sons of Gervais Brisson, an old soldier in the service of France."

"Very well, sirs," replied Mendez y Lorredo, with affected gravity, while Stenio de Balmaseda and the Chevalier de Beaumesnil let stray from their lips a smile of contempt. "Very well! three sons of an old soldier in the service of France, faith! are assuredly worthy adversaries—most worthy! We will fight you then, gentlemen, we will fight you as long as it pleases you, and we will be glad of it. Only permit me a little observation which will alter your warlike attitude—for the present, at least, I like to believe. To fight, weapons are necessary—what do you think? Now, if you have your swords, have you not perceived that we had not ours? And most assuredly you are too brave to make us the weaker party by obliging us to defend ourselves with hunting-knives!"

While Mendez was speaking the brothers had each returned his sword to its sheath.

"You are right, gentlemen," replied Raphael, ashamed of having allowed it to be supposed by his adversaries that his brothers and himself could for a moment have thought of abusing their advantages. "The disgust at what has just transpired caused us to overlook that you were not in a condition to fight with us. Send some one to fetch your arms or appoint a place of rendezvous. We have two days to be at Poligny—we will place ourselves at your disposal."

"Two days! Why that's charming!" said Stenio; "for notwithstanding our great desire to be agreeable to you, it would be an impossibility to meet you to-day. We live pretty far—at Villers Castle—and my friend, the Chevalier de Beaumesnil, has a reception this evening. Now, you must conceive that though a duel may be an attractive and delightful amusement, a good dinner has its charms also; and——"

"And to-morrow, if M. le Chevalier de Beaumesnil has no reception, shall you be at liberty, perchance, gentlemen?"

Stenio bit his lips.

"Yes, sir, yes," he replied; "to-morrow we will arrange so as to occupy ourselves solely and only with you."

"That's good! Then, to-morrow—where and when shall we find you, if you please?"

"Ah! ah! you are in a hurry, sir?"

"I don't like long conversations with people who I don't like or who displease me."

"Pshaw! Decidedly your blood is very hot, M. Raphael Brisson; we shall endeavor to cool it to-morrow."

"That is just what, for your honor's sake, I *advise you* to try, M. Stenio de Balmaseda."

"Well, to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, at the sources of the Glantine. If you do not know the place, the first peasant you meet with will tell you, sons of a soldier."

"Enough said. Twelve o'clock to-morrow. Be at ease, noblemen, we shall be there before you."

Upon this, Raphael, Cyril and Julien had slightly bowed to Stenio, Beaumesnil and Mendez, and turning their back to them they directed their steps to the spot where were the travellers clad in so strange a manner, whose sudden appearance had resulted in the scene which we have just narrated.

The reader has been no doubt astonished that during this scene he who would seem to be the most interested in demanding reparation for the loss he had sustained—that is to say, the owner of the mule—had remained distant, while the three sons of the soldier had so nobly maintained his cause for him.

Raphael and his brothers thought somewhat like the reader, on advancing towards this personage, who seemed to be endowed either with much stoicism or else cowardice.

In a word, we will explain the cause of the conduct of the man with the black patch—in the same manner as the three brothers, by a glance at the situation and attitudes of the man, understood why he had left them to tell Stenio that he was a coward and a wicked man.

We have said that, in its tumble, the mule had dragged the woman she was carrying.

This woman, violently thrown to the ground, had struck her forehead against an enormous stone.

Was she dead, or had she only fainted away? When Raphael, Cyril and Julien approached her, she lay, apparently lifeless, in the arms of her companion, who was in great trouble, and crying.

A man's tears are much more sad than tears shed by a woman.

The three brothers, stopped respectfully, at some distance from the group.

The man was sitting on the ground, holding the woman's head on his knees, and staunching in the best way he could the few drops of blood which oozed from the wound, at the same time saying:

"My poor Songhandie, my poor Songhandie, answer me! Look at me, I pray thee; it is I, Dominique, thy brother who calls thee. Dear, dear friend—speak to me—you are not dead; no! you are not dead! Open your eyes, quickly, to assure me, you are not dead! Think thee, that in a few weeks—in a few days you would have been so happy, so tranquil! Songhandie, you to whom I owe so much, you will not abandon me at the very moment when I can repay some portion of my debt to you. It would be an everlasting remorse to me, if you were to leave me now; do you hear—everlasting. Thou hast been my guardian angel till now, Songhandie, do not leave me on the road!" The Indian woman continued to remain deaf to the appeal of her friend. She was a woman of forty-five or fifty, who must once have been handsome, but whose features seemed to have become prematurely withered by misery and grief.

"It needs perhaps some cordial to revive her," said Raphael in an under tone to his brothers.

"Wait!" replied Cyril, quickly drawing a flask from his pocket.

Raphael was about putting the bottle to the mouth of the Indian woman, when Dominique, alarmed, said:

"Gentlemen! gentlemen! you are very sure, are you not, that it cannot do her any harm?"

"Do not fear, friend," replied Raphael gaily, "you imagine, then, we have a mind to poison this poor woman!"

"Oh! no, sir, no; I am not afraid of that! [illegible] men, the three of you. My dear Songhandie. Ah! she is better already! Yes, she opens her eyes; oh! she is not dead! What happiness; she is not dead."

Revived by the tonic, Songhandie had indeed recovered her senses. She first recognized Dominiqne, and a sad smile accompanying the name of her friend rose to her lips. She then looked at the three brothers, and without appearing surprised at the sight of strangers, she murmured softly:

"Ah! my sons! my sons! Songhandie is very happy; her sons are handsome; her sons love her; they do not abandon her."

Dominique listened to his companion, covering her hands with kisses.

"Yes, yes," he said, "thank these gentlemen in your own fashion, my poor dear; thank them well." And addressing the three brothers, Dominique added:

"Do not be offended if she calls you her sons, gentlemen; she has not her reason, do you see, my poor Songhandie; she is mad. But it is a madness which has nothing terrible in it, you see; it consists in taking all she meets for her children. Well! Songhandie, you are better now, are you not? Oh yes, your color returns. Now we shall be able to resume our journey; you will remount Nina, and we will set out at once—at once!"

In the excitement of his companion's recovery, Dominique forgot that Nina could never again carry anybody. The remembrance of the death of the poor beast returned to him as he finished pronouncing these words; and glancing at the spot where the mule lay, he continued in a sad tone:

"What have I just said! why Nina is dead! yes, indeed, dead!"

And rising, still holding Songhandie in his arms, he added more sadly yet:

"How shall we manage to travel now! What shall we do?"

"Listen, my friend," said Raphael, touched like his brothers at the heavy despair which followed that man's great joy, "we might perhaps help you?"

"Truly!" exclaimed Dominique, "speak, gentlemen, speak!"

"Are you going far?"

Dominique bowed his head affirmatively

"Yes, gentlemen, very far."

"And you are poor, perhaps."

This time, the eye of Dominique had a curious expression, one might have said that he was about to answer just the contrary to what he answered.

"Yes, gentlemen, very poor."

"Well," went on Raphael, "although we are not rich, we may perhaps supply what you have lost. We go from this place to a village, where we have reasons to believe we shall find friends. Remain in this inn, and to-morrow morning we will send you a beast for your companion, if not of the same species as Nina, at least one as docile and agreeable."

Dominique was not listening, but drinking Raphael's words.

"Is it true, gentlemen?" he said. "True! you really would have the goodness! Oh! and then it would be only as a loan, you see, that I would accept what you offer me; for, thank God, when I get back to my native place, I shall not be poorer than others! Dominique Noblet, gentlemen, a native of Compiégne. You will tell me your names, that I can register them in my memory; and, I can only tell you this, that good doings are sure to bring happiness. Well, gentlemen, it is arranged—a pony, an ass, however so small, for Songhandie, who is not strong enough to walk—that's all I require—and I will bless you, gentlemen, I will bless you; and if my poor friend cannot tell you that verbally, her soul will bless you—for the unfortunate have souls too, be sure of it—mad women even have souls, gentlemen. Songhandie is asleep only; but she is alive, and she prays to God, as well as other people, for generous hearts."

At this moment, Thomas, the innkeeper, and his wife rejoined our travellers.

In a few words the brothers acquainted the two peasants with their arrangements; that is, they were to give hospitality to the man with the black patch and to his companion, until they should send them a beast to continue their journey.

Thomas listened, without interrupting them, until Raphael put to him the following question:

"It will not be difficult, my friend, will it, to buy a horse at Poligny?"

The innkeeper, smiling, answered:

"No, no—indeed, gentlemen, with money, one can buy anything at Poligny, but you need not trouble yourselves about it."

"How! not trouble ourselves about it?"

"Certainly, you are interested in these poor people, whose mule the Count de Balmaseda has killed? Very well—that's enough; these poor people shall have what you desire for them—and more than you desire; that is the business of the 'Fairy of the Rocks.'"

"The Fairy of the Rocks!" repeated Cyril, Raphael and Julien. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," replied the peasant, in a half voice, "I mean: *Do what's right, come what may*—is it not so, gentlemen? But night is coming, and you are expected at Poligny."

On so unexpectedly hearing that sentence pronounced by Thomas—that sentence which their father had given to them as a countersign, with their friends, in the course of their yet unknown mission—the three brothers were dumfounded.

Thomas profited by this surprise to add:

"Come, gentlemen—you understand me—let us move on. A good action must not interfere with a duty. I will take charge of your protégées for this night. And more than that: to-morrow morning, if agreeable to you, I promise that they shall go to you at the hotel of the Golden Apple, kept by Christopher Brunel, to bid you good-bye. Now, go! go! Once more—you are expected at Poligny."

There was such a tone of frankness and conviction in the words of the peasant, that Raphael, Cyril and Julien did not disbelieve him. Songhandie, leaning on the arm of Jeanne, went towards the inn, where a shelter awaited her and Dominique.

"Adieu, Dominique!" said the three brothers.

"Ah!" replied the one-eyed men; "you are going away, gentlemen?"

"Yes; we will see you again to-morrow, at Poligny."

"To-morrow, then, my dear sirs. Thanks again—thanks for Songhandie and for myself!"

"Oh! and our valise we were going to forget!" said Cyril.

"And the bottle of wine we have not paid for!" added Raphael.

Julien started to run and fetch the valise left at the foot of the tree where they had been sitting, and Cyril put his hand in his pocket. The innkeeper stopped the two young men, by saying:

"As for what you owe me, gentlemen, I hope, indeed, that you will not be angry—but, really, you will annoy me much by insisting on paying. I am proud enough at having received you in my house—you might leave me the pleasure of having offered you some refreshment."

"Be it so," said Cyril; "we accept your kindness, M. Thomas. We are not grandees, and would not from pride wound an honest man like you."

Thomas's features became radiant with pleasure.

"And now, as to the valise," he said, gaily—"if you will permit me, gentlemen—leave to me the care of bringing it to you to-morrow at the hotel of the Golden Apple. It may perhaps not be very heavy; but, however, since it pleases me to spare either of you a little fatigue, why should you refuse me?"

"Indeed we will not refuse you," said Julien, whose duty it was that day to carry the baggage, and not sorry to find himself relieved of the burden. "We have no need of our valise this evening, and provided it reaches us to-morrow——"

"To-morrow morning—be easy, gentlemen—to-morrow morning, before you are awake, it shall be at the hotel."

"Then all is arranged—to-morrow morning, friend."

"To-morrow, gentlemen—to-morrow."

The sons of the soldier gone, Thomas Toubin hastened to Dominique, and offered to help him in seating Songhandie comfortably at the door of the inn.

"Oh! I have done now," said the traveller. "I am ready to go in with you."

"Very well; let us go and get up a good supper."

"You are very kind, sir; but don't be extravagant, do you hear? Songhandie and I are not particular, and——"

"Don't you trouble yourself. I don't mean to ruin you."

"That's right. But——"

Dominique, sighing again, took a step towards the body of the mule.

"But," he continued, "you will call me a fool, M.—M.——"

"Thomas Toubin."

"M. Thomas Toubin. Well, I say again you will call me a fool—no doubt you will; but, before thinking of supper, I should have liked——"

"What?"

"You see this poor beast there dead. I have had her a long time. She knew me; she loved me well; and Songhandie also. I would like—have you not a spade you could lend me, M. Thomas Toubin? It would make me feel badly, do you see, to leave Nina there, and to think that the crows would be at her to-morrow."

Thomas Toubin smiled with pleasure.

"Come with me; I will give you all you want; you are right. When beasts have served us well, we may just as well show that we regret their loss."

Dominique pressed the hand of the peasant, and picking up his packages, he began to follow him. But the innkeeper had stopped.

"What is the matter?" said Dominique.

"Look," replied the peasant, pointing to the door of the inn.

Jeanne was no longer near Songhandie; but in her place stood one of the three hunters whom Cyril, Raphael, and Julien had to meet the next day at the mouth of the Glantine.

"Do you recognize him?" said Thomas to Dominique.

"I do. But why has this man returned, and why does he look at Songhandie in that manner? A while ago, when I thought my poor friend lost to me, I may have left to others to tell these men that they had behaved like brigands; but it is a different thing now that I have no longer any fear for my old companion."

The one of the three hunters who had returned, was Don Mendez y Lorredo, the gentleman with the olive complexion.

Don Mendez, standing before Songhandie, was so much absorbed in his thoughts, that he did not appear to have heard the advancing steps of Dominique, for it was not until the latter was at the side of the insane woman that he lifted his head.

"Well, sir?" cried Dominique, in a voice changed by emotion, "what do you desire, and why do you look thus at this woman?"

Mendez made no answer; he continued to watch Songhandie, who, at the sound of Dominique's voice had opened her eyes.

"Do you not hear me, sir?" said Dominique, more vehemently, "what do you want? It has pleased one of your friends to commit a base action, in killing, for mere amusement, a poor, inoffensive beast; is it to amuse yourself, in your turn, that you come to torment an unhappy woman, deprived of her reason?"

Mendez started.

"What do you say, sir?" he answered; "this woman has no longer her reason? Are you not deceiving me?"

"Why should I deceive you? What interest should I have in doing so; and what interest have you in questioning my word?"

Mendez was silent; he looked attentively at the face of Songhandie, seeming to find there the proof of what he had just heard. Alas! there was no mistaking it; no, no, Dominique was not deceiving him; that face, impassable as that of a statue, was indeed that of an insane woman.

"Dominiuue," muttered Songhandie, in that accent peculiar to those human creatures reduced by the mysterious will of the Almighty to a state of living machines. "Dominique, Songhandie is tired; Songhandie would like to sleep. Let Songhandie sleep, Dominique."

Mendez drew back.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, and turning away his eyes, as if he could no longer bear such a heart-rending sight, "yes, this woman is indeed bereft of reason!"

And addressing Dominique:

"You asked me what interest brought me back here," continued Mendez, "that is very easy to explain. Your mule has been killed. Here is money to buy another. Adieu!"

A purse fell at the feet of the poor woman, and before Dominique had time to utter a word, Mendez had fled.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE MONOTONE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Hark how the great old Ocean day and night
Breaks on yon giant rock, as on a throne
That towers in silent might,
In one long, plaintive, awful monotone!

II.

Unanswering ever towers the giant rock
Amid the centuries that come and go,
As if 'twould only mock
The eternal voice that wailed and wailed below.

III.

'Tis thus, O God! the deep sea of my soul
Breaks ever on the foot of thy great throne,
Its dread, but only goal,
In one long, plaintive, awful monotone.

IV.

Unanswered yet: but, hoping, still it calls:
Will not the Throne take pity on the wo?
How terrible if its walls
re always silent to the wail below!

JEFF. GRINDLE'S MONEY-BELT.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Can you imagine what kind of a world this would be were there no money in it? No buying or selling, lending or borrowing of cash—no anything with which gold or silver or crisp bank-notes has aught to do?

Had you asked Jeff. Grindle, he would have said, "No world at all;" for money was not only his life, but his soul—aye, and his friend, his wife and his child. If he had once had a heart, the place where it had been was filled up like a banker's safe with money. Money, and nothing else. Money, which did not represent comforts and luxuries and the gratification of whims and fancies, but which was loved for its base self, and nothing else.

Even when young, Jeff. Grindle shunned a friend lest some expenses in the eating and drinking line might follow close intimacy. Shunned also every pretty girl, lest Cupid should take aim at his heart and bring with marriage the grocer's, butcher's and baker's bills of a large family.

A family! At the word, dozens of morocco boots, hosts of pinafores, and bread and butter for six, flitted before his eyes like hideous phantoms, and made him tremble in his boots. So the other half of Jeff. Grindle's soul died an old maid or married some one else, and the soft spot in his composition, whereat tender feelings might have entered, became hardened and glided over like the rest.

When, leaving his earlier profession, Jeff. Grindle became a money-lender, he felt for the first time in his life completely in his element. His coffers filled fast; he had a certain power over many, and might have revelled in luxury while amassing a magnificent fortune. But though yet young, the miser had no thought of such a course. Throughout those years of his life counted by twenties, Jeff. had lived well, eaten good food, dressed in broadcloth, and even spent a dollar on his own amusement at times. By thirty he had turned over a new leaf. Beginning with sugar and butter, he gradually renounced every table luxury—coffee, tea, dessert, even milk; then he began to feel confident that the constant use of meat would ruin any one, it was so very, very dear. At thirty-five he eat it only on Sundays; by forty, never.

The rich man who could have bathed and wallowed in red gold and white silver all his own, used to sit faint and weak for want of food, envying the smell of some poor laborer's dinner of coarse meat, and crawl home at the latest hour to cook the scanty handful of potatoes which he bought by the quart and boiled for himself at home. Then he found porridge much the best food for man, and lived on that, grudging it the salt. They called him Old Grindle the Miser, by this time, though no one fancied other men of his age old. The fear that some one might some time stay to dinner, it was over for ever. He had no friends. Yet he had flatterers and toadies. He held the sword over many a head. He had it in his power to ruin hundreds, and usurious interest and foreclosed mortgages made him richer every day; and with all, his cry of being a poor man and suffering from the pressure of the times, kept on. No one believed it; yet no one but himself knew quite how rich he was. Not even any banker, for he trusted not a soul, and no one saw him steal, with trembling limbs and watchful eyes, down into the cellar where his store was hidden in barrels labelled "Flour" and boxes marked "Blacking," all covered with rubbish, lest some housebreaker should effect an entrance, despite those double locks and bolts and bars that made the place so prison-like.

Real estate in plenty had old Jeff. Grindle also. Blocks of houses in New York, farms in country places, and well and promptly his tenants paid their rents. For himself he kept only a rambling, dilapidated house in the suburbs of C——, and would not have let so much room lie at waste save that neighbors would have been inconvenient with a cellar full of gold. More property would fall into his hands sooner or later, also, for he held mortgages on many a fine estate. But the place he had covetted most was Sunnyholm, the Rexford's homestead, not very far from the Hudson. It was a magnificent spot, close to a flourishing village, some day to be a place of importance. Then it would be an enormous fortune in building lots, and its possessor the luckiest man in the world.

Jeff. Grindle would have sold his soul to the Evil One to be sure that he should be that enviable person.

At present he held a mortgage on it; and from the habits of its owner—a young man who lived what people called a fast life, and lavished money on his table, his horses, his dogs, his yacht, his wife and his children and his friends—Jeff. Grindle thought he saw a prospect which was a very golden dream in the future.

Charlie Rexford might not be able to meet his liabilities. He was a careless fellow, and trusted in every man's good heart; and to Jeff. Grindle was what the merry, jovial blue-bottle fly is to the plump old spider, watching in his corner-net. By moonlight Jeff. Grindle sometimes stalked about the house, like a ghost, imagining it all building lots and all his own. One year in particular, Charlie Rexford was quite behind-hand, and Mr. Grindle kept ready for a pounce. The time was fast approaching when it might be made. He heard stories of bills unpaid and creditors indignant. He met the milliner's girl returning from a dunning expedition to Sunnyholm, and rejoiced greatly.

Judge then of his disappointment when one bright evening Charlie Rexford, handsome and gay as ever, rode up to his old house and announced his intention of paying off the mortgage.

"Mrs. Rexford has been talking to me," he said, "and she's a wise little soul. You see, Sunnyholm is a good piece of property, and life is uncertain; I must leave that unburdened to my children, if I die old, and to my wife if I die young. I have sold my stable fairly out to do it, and it *was* a tug to part with those horses, but I knew whom I had to deal with, Grindle, so I did it. There's your money, in hard cash, and now for the proper papers—receipts and so forth. The old place will have no mortgage on it to-morrow, at all events."

Old Grindle could not answer. He wrote out the acknowledgements with trembling hands and purple lips. He had feasted on the thought of calling Sunnyholm his own so long that he was hardly able to believe that Charlie had not robbed him in paying off the mortgage. Only the night before he had been making calculations of the profits to accrue from the place, upon his slate, with that blunt pencil, never sharpened lest it should be wasted. It was a terrible blow.

When Charlie Rexford rode away, with a light heart and a merry smile, the miser covered his face with his hands and wept. The gold which was to have been added to his stores had melted into air. What was the paltry handful on the table worth to him! Nothing. He spat upon it, and cursed the owner of that coveted domain with a madman's glare in his blood-shot eyes.

His voice was so fierce and strange that he heard it himself with a sort of terror, and wondered whether it were possible for any one to hear him.

"I've no servants to be eavesdroppers, and no neighbors to pry and question," he said. "But some one might come in; I forgot to bolt the door after that rascal, I am sure."

So speaking, he thrust the gold into a leathern pouch, hid it away, and crept to the door to listen.

Surely he heard a sound—a hollow groan—a panting cry for aid. Jeff. Grindle cared nothing for others, and had no wish to help friend or stranger in necessity. Yet he was curious like other people. He ventured out. The moon shone brightly. All the bare garden was bathed in silver light. So was the lane beyond, and at the bottom of it lay a [illegible] Jeff. Grindle's eyes were poor. He could not tell whether it were some broken branch from the elm trees overhead, or a vagrant animal, or a crouching man. It might be a robber lying in wait for him, or somebody's cow.

The last thought emboldened him. He could shut the creature up, and sell it if expenses were not paid by a certain date.

Jeff. advanced.

An awful sight met his eye—a sight that made his blood run cold. On the narrow path lay a man doubled up into a heap; his head forced back upon his shoulders and bleeding from a great wound in the forehead. For a moment the face and form seemed those of a stranger; the next he recognized them. It was Charlie Rexford. He had ridden a young horse—a wild, half broken thing—and it must have thrown him and rushed away homeward. This explanation, probably the true one, forced itself upon the money-lender's mind.

Thrown him and killed him, for he seemed dead.

Jeff. Grindle stooped over the prostrate form and strove to lift it. It was too heavy for him. He only dislodged something in the breast pocket—a packet of papers—which tumbled out upon the road. Jeff. Grindle picked them up. He knew well what they were—his own receipts, the vouchers by which Charles Rexford could prove that his estate was clear of all mortgage.

He held them in his fingers, and no mortal eye saw him, and his greed of gold was very great. The moon shone on him, showing him all white and trembling as in an ague fit. He knew his duty, but Satan was at his elbow and whispered of the building lots some day to be, of which the man lying there had cheated him by prompt payment.

So it was but for a moment that he hesitated; only a moment that the papers had a chance of being restored to the pocket whence they had fallen; the next they were thrust into his own breast, and he cried aloud for help—"Murder! thieves! fire!"—anything that would bring the sleeping neighbors from their beds.

Soon lights twinkled in the chamber windows, and out they came—the blacksmith, the tailor, and an old washerwoman, a host of children, and the blacksmith's wife and the tailor's mother. The blacksmith, as the boldest, heading the advance.

"What's the matter, Mr. Grindle? Housebreakers?"

"I don't know," panted the miser. "Some one is lying here dead, I believe."

"It's a man!" cried the tailor.

"It's Mr. Rexford," screamed his wife. "Mr. Charles Rexford, of Sunnyholm. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"He's been coming to see you," said the washerwoman, "and been thrown at the gate."

"Perhaps, perhaps," growled the miser. "But I don't often have company so late. If he's alive he'll need a doctor."

"Yes, fetch the doctor," chorused the company; and by some one amongst them that gentleman was summoned; not before the proposition to take the wounded man into Mr. Grindle's house had been received with a determined—"No, no; I'm a poor man living quite alone; I couldn't accommodate him."

So in the little tailor's humble home poor Charlie Rexford lay, not dead yet, but quite unconscious. They took him home in the early morning to his distracted wife, who had found her husband's horse riderless at the gate, and for weeks he hovered between life and death. At last he arose, broken in health and a cripple probably for life. Yet this seemed so much better to his wife than to have lost him.

"Thank Heaven the mortgage is paid off,"

she said an hundred times. "What trouble might have come to us had it not been done."

Therefore she scarcely guessed the business on which old Grindle came to Sunnyholm one spring morning.

She left him alone with Charlie and went out into the park, where she sat at work; when a cry—aye, even an oath—from her husband aroused her. She ran in and found him, pallid with excitement, standing opposite to the miser.

"Grindle has gone mad, I think," he said. "Bring me the papers, Ellen."

"What papers?" she asked quietly, though her heart beat furiously.

"The proofs that I have paid off the mortgage on Sunnyholm."

"I have never seen them. Where are they?"

"Heaven knows. I had them in my pocket on the day of my accident—they were there five minutes before my horse shied and ran away. You have put them somewhere in your excitement and forgotten them."

"No," said Ellen. "I never saw them, though I believed the mortgage paid."

"It never was," said Grindle. "Mr. Rexford has been feverish, delirious—he fancies all this. I have waited very patiently; I might have called on him weeks ago."

"Ellen," said Rexford. "You know I speak the truth; you saw the money. I sold those horses to raise it. I paid it to Grindle, and the proofs were in my pocket when I fell. I must have lost them, that man has discovered or guessed the fact."

"When you are calmer you will remember the truth," said old Grindle. "You have not paid me one cent for months. Of course you can settle matters to the satisfaction of all parties, and you'll regret your accusation I'm sure—not that I feel much hurt; such accidents as yours bewilder the brain. You'd have the proof, you know, if it were so. Probably you were robbed by highwaymen on your way to me."

Vainly poor Charles reiterated his assertion, vainly he raved and uttered accusations. His fury only injured his cause, and even his wife began to wonder whether he might not be wandering.

Old Grindle walked away in triumph. He knew that law was on his side. He knew also that Sunnyholm was his, and went to work coolly. The ashes of those stolen papers had been scattered to the winds long ago, and Charles Rexford had no proof. *He* had all he needed.

A month from that day the crippled and broken-hearted man was driven from the home of his fathers, and Sunnyholm became the miser's property.

Old Grindle did not even ask whither they went or what became of them. Yet, callous as he was, there was something in the last look and last words of the man he had robbed which haunted him night and day.

"You triumph now, villain," he said. "But remember, life is short and eternity long. You cannot deceive *God*."

Sometimes at the dread hour of midnight Old Grindle thought he heard those words, and slept no more until daybreak. Once they so worked upon him that he arose with intentions of confessing all and making restitution. But his heart failed him ere he reached the door. The property was very valuable, and his greed of gold was very great.

So years passed—five, ten. Jeff. Grindle grew an old man in good earnest. Yet despite spare living and self-enforced privation, he was hale and vigorous, so that when land speculators went wild about certain portions of the western country where fortunes were to be made Old Grindle was as eager as any, and barricading his dwelling and loosing a ferocious dog, who would allow no stranger to approach the door, he started for the West to buy land, should it prove what it had been represented.

A dreary tract of country, with bad roads, difficult to travel at the best of times, and worse than ever with spring-rains—was that he found himself traversing when his journey behind the screaming engine was over. The lands he desired to purchase were far away, and the only possible means of reaching them a ride on horseback.

Old Grindle had not been in the saddle for years, but the landlord of his tavern selected a an animal which he warranted docile to the last degree, and thus mounted, the miser rode away without much anxiety.

Not so much as he should have felt, probably, for in less than an hour the steed gave the lie to his recommendation, and began to grow uncomfortably frolicsome. At last he fairly ran away, and ended by tossing the miser over his head, and leaving him prone upon the ground.

Stunned and hurt, the old man lay there without making an effort to rise. He knew that he was terribly injured and should be at the mercy of any unprincipled person who passed by. He had money about him and might be murdered for its sake, or at the best, might lie there and die. Die and leave all his money. All his houses and lands; the dear things of his life. Great tears rolled down the miser's face. At least he would try to live, and lifting his voice he called aloud.

Some one heard him. Over the rising ground came a tall man, dressed in rough garments, and walking with a limp, followed by two boys of twelve and fourteen or thereabouts.

"This way I'm sure, father," cried one young voice; and the other shouted: "There, in the hollow. Don't you see the poor man?"

And shadows fell athwart the grass and they came near and bent over him.

Something more than pain chased the color from old Grindle's cheek; for amidst all the change of time and garb and surroundings he recognized Charles Rexford and his children.

Such terror he never felt before. What a frightful retribution was this. Helpless, wounded, with a belt stuffed with bank-notes about his waist, he lay at the mercy of the man he had robbed ten years before, when their positions were reversed. Jeff. Grindle felt his senses fast deserting him, and the climax came when Charlie Rexford, bending lower, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and cried:

"It is old Grindle!"

He knew him, he would revenge himself, and the miser swooned away.

That was a strange revenge to take, he thought, when he found himself in the clean though humble bed, cared for by the pretty matron who seemed to have suffered little at the hand of Time.

His right leg had been broken, but it was set, and all that could be done to make him comfortable was done hourly. The miser could not credit his senses; he fancied they were but delaying their revenge to make it sweeter. Perhaps in the end he was to be poisoned, and the money-belt, that was gone of course. Charles Rexford would not let the opportunity of reclaiming a portion of his own property slip by. Old Grindle frightened himself into a fever and through it all they were so kind to him, so patient. It must be sheer hypocrisy.

For these people who had lived in luxury, had but a poor cabin and coarse fare now. They toiled hard for their daily bread, while Sunnyholm should have been their own, and he was their enemy; he had done it all. Charles Rexford knew him for a villain, though he could not prove it to the world.

Lying there, unable to move, a perfect agony of shame and terror possessed the miser. It seemed that he must die. A villain—a known villain, and in a certain measure a foiled villain—he lay before those he had injured, and wished himself covered by the green turf, so that he might no longer be thus gazed upon.

Thus time passed on, and he grew better, almost well. He could leave them and betake himself elsewhere. He took a certain joy in that, and made ready quickly. His old garments were donned one by one; taken slowly from the box in which they had been folded. Then he took his cane and went out to wait for the stage soon to pass. Sitting on the porch, Charles Rexford came towards him.

"Here is something we found upon you," he said. "I presume it contains money, and have taken care of it." And on the miser's knee he laid the money-belt, full as it had been when he wore it last.

Old Grindle's eyes dilated. He looked as though he fancied himself dreaming. He stared first at Charlie and then at the belt.

"Is it all here—haven't you taken any of it?" he gasped.

And Charles Rexford answered:

"*We* are not thieves, Mr. Grindle!" and turned away.

The next moment he turned back, thinking old Grindle was in a fit, for he lay grovelling on the earth, gnashing his teeth and clenching his hands. He clung to Charlie, as he raised him, as a drowning man might have done.

"In heaven's name, help me!" he said. "I must do it—I can't live without—but it's hard to do. If you want to save my soul, listen; call witnesses. I shall repent, I know. They're worth so many thousands, and the railroad is almost through, and they'll increase in value. Charles Rexford, you know you spoke the truth when you said you had paid off the mortgage. I robbed you of the papers. Make them out again, and I'll sign them. I've suffered for it since I've been lying here. It burns me now. For you haven't touched my money, and you've been very good to me—fed me, honored me, as if I were your father. And when you laid dead, as I thought, I robbed you. But I'll give back Sunnyholm—I'll give it all up. I think the devil egged me on, and made the papers drop from your pocket, Charles Rexford."

So, wildly, incoherently, the miser raved out his confession, and ended by a legal return of Sunnyholm to its rightful owners. So that when he left the little cabin on the prairie, he took home a lighter heart than he had borne for years.

He was a miser still—nothing could change his nature—but now and then thenceforth he did strange things. It was known for certain that he bestowed a loaf upon a beggar, and put a shilling into a blind fiddler's hand, at Christmas time. And when he died, years after, of a cold caught because he could not afford to mend his window panes, he left the bulk of his property to be divided between Charles Rexford's children, and to the master of Sunnyholm himself the money-belt—not empty.

OUR PARSON'S SIN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Bytown had been without a settled minister for over a year; and I am sorry to say that the morals of Bytown were at a very low ebb; and, furthermore, Bytown had become most emphatically, a very hard place. The tavern had become more popular than the meeting-house; and the rumseller's bar had more devotee's than had the holy altar. Our last minister was a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, named Elliott; but he was unfortunate enough to preach one or two discourses on Temperance, in consequence of which he was obliged to withdraw. But many of us felt that we ought to have a minister, and finally we began to stir ourselves in earnest. Several candidates came and preached for us, some of whom we did not like, while others could not afford to settle with us for the salary we were able to pay. At length, Rev. Alfred Haynes came and preached for us two Sundays. He brought the best of recommendations from well-known clergymen, and we liked him much; and, moreover, he was willing to settle with us for the sum we proposed to pay. The committee who had the business in hand were forced to obtain one promise from him. He must agree that he would not bring the subject of Temperance into the pulpit, as most of our wealthiest men were either drinkers, or directly interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. Mr. Haynes hesitated at first, but finally consented to the arrangement.

Alfred Haynes was about forty years of age; strong of frame; symmetrically proportioned, and decidedly handsome. His hair was dark and curling; his skin very fair; his eyes large and lustrous; and his features regular and harmonious. And he was a kind-hearted, genial man, as we very soon discovered. He searched out those who were sick and in distress; and where sorrow was, there our new minister was sure to be.

It was late in the Fall when Mr. Haynes settled with us, and when the subject of doing something towards supplying him with fuel was brought up, old Mark Austin, who had little respect for ministers, said that the parson might have as much wood from his lot as he (the parson) could cut and work up in a fortnight. On the following Monday morning Parson Haynes shouldered his axe, and went into Mark Austin's lot; and at the expiration of the fortnight he had felled and chopped, and sawed, and split, wood enough to last him a year.

"Zounds!" uttered Austin, as he saw the result of the Parson's labor, "that beats me. I'd like to hire a man like that to work through the season."

Mr. Haynes labored faithfully, but the cause of religion made but little headway. Foxton's tavern was the centre of attraction, and the people of Bytown paid more money into the rumseller's till in one week than they paid to the minister in a year. One Sunday, after the snow had come, our parson gave notice that he should deliver a lecture in that place on that evening.

"When I came here," he said, "I promised that I would not introduce the subject of temperance into the pulpit; but I did not consent that my tongue should be tied. This evening I shall deliver a lecture on Temperance in this house; but, rather than break my word, I will speak from the platform below, and not from the pulpit."

The evening came, and the house was full; for there was something novel in the idea of a public temperance lecture in Bytown. Mr. Haynes commenced by informing the people that he could speak from experience. He was himself a reformed man. In early life he had drained to the very dregs the cup of sorrow and suffering. He had seen the noblest of God's creatures fall beneath the curse; he had seen hearts broken, houses rendered desolate, wives worse than widowed, and children worse than orphaned. He had seen misery and anguish in all their forms; he had seen vice and crime in all stages, resulting from rum-drinking; and yet he had never seen one good result from it. We had heard Alfred Haynes preach some eloquent sermons; but we had heard nothing like that before. His picture of the drunkard's home was terrible almost beyond description; and when he drew a picture of the home of the redeemed, where peace and joy once more prevailed, more than half of the audience were in tears. He closed by producing the total abstinence pledge, and inviting those who felt so inclined, to come forward and sign it.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Tim Sanders, starting to his feet, "I'll try for it, if I live!"

And Timothy Sanders, with bloated face and ragged clothes, marched stoutly to the chancel and scrawled his name upon the pledge.

"By ——!" uttered George Everett, using an expletive in the heat of the moment which was hardly proper for the church, "if Tim can stand it, I guess I can. What say, Molly, shall I sign it?"

And the woman who sat by his side, with tears and sobs, quickly answered:

"O, sign it, George! Sign it, and God will bless you always!"

And very soon the name of George Everett was recorded upon the magic paper.

Away in a far corner of the church poor Alice Fisher had wound her arms about her husband's neck, and when he finally broke from her embrace he walked to the chancel as straight as his palsied limbs would permit, and added his name to the list.

Others signed, but these three were the saved ones—they were the brands snatched from the consuming fire of the tavern. As the congregation dispersed some shook their heads, and sagely prophesied that Parson Haynes' stay in Bytown would be very short.

On the following morning, bright and early, Mr. Haynes was at work. He called upon Tim Sanders, and upon George Everett, and upon Alonso Fisher; and when he had made himself acquainted with the needs of their families, he went among his friends, who were able, and enlisted them in the work of aiding and saving the unfortuate ones.

On the next Sabbath evening the Parson delivered another Temperance address, and this time he made arrangements for organizing a regular Temperance Society. One week later Timothy Sanders and Alonso Fisher addressed the meeting; and so effective were their simple stories of trial and suffering—of suffering to themselves and families—of pitiless want and keenest agony,—and so glorious were their songs of thanksgiving and praise, in view of their redemption, that a large number of those who had been their companions in vice, came up and signed the Pledge, determined to try the Better Way.

The society was organized, and George Everett was chosen president; and at the second meeting thereof there were found to be over two hundred names upon the Pledge, between twenty and thirty of whom had been plucked from the Gehema fire. Alfred Haynes worked night and day, determined that Bytown should be regenerated, and that the suffering ones should be saved to peace and prosperity; and a wonderful success attended his labors. He visited the haunts of poverty and vice; he preached to the fallen ones in their homes of sorrow; he spoke words of cheer and comfort; and he took the wanderers by the hand and kindly, gently led them up into the Better Way.

But there was other commotion in Bytown than that of reformation. Ben Foxton, the keeper of the tavern, raved like a crazy man, swearing that he would have vengeance. Some of his most profitable customers had been stolen away from him; and he saw plainly that if the Parson continued his labors without flagging in zeal, his bar would cease to be a source of profit. He shook his fist savagely, and swore that he would put a stop to it.

And Foxton was not alone. Luke Aldwake, and Simon Ramsdell, and Peter Savage, joined in the opposition. They kept the three stores in the village, and were retailers of rum; and, moreover, they three had been the highest taxpayers in our society. A parish meeting was called, and Luke Aldwake, and Simon Ramsdell, and Peter Savage, announced that they should never pay another penny towards the support of Parson Haynes. Tim Sanders arose and said that he would make up in full all that might be lost to the society by the withdrawal of Luke Aldwake. He would do it cheerfully.

"And I," said George Everett, "will make up for the loss of Simon Ramsdell's tax. It won't be a tenth part of what I used to pay into the till of the rumseller."

"And I," cried Alonzo Fisher, starting out into the aisle, "will fill the place of Peter Savage. By glory! we'll see whether the Evil Spirit shall rule in our parish!"

The three purse-proud rumsellers sneaked away like whipped curs, and the friends of the reformation took new courage.

Among those who had been lifted up from the pit was a poor man named Blackford, who had a wife and six children. He occupied a small cottage upon the outskirts of the village which he hired of a man who lived out of town. Ben Foxton, with the purpose of vengeance, bought this cottage, and threatened to turn Blackford and his family out of doors if certain arrears of rent were not immediately paid. What could the poor man do? He had not the money, and he could not earn it in season to meet the tavern-keeper's demand. Our Parson became acquainted with the circumstances, and in a very short time he raised money enough by voluntary subscription to meet Foxton's demand.

On the following Sabbath evening, at the Temperance meeting, Parson Haynes related the circumstance of Mr. Foxton's cowardly plan of vengeance; and, under the influence of just indignation, he held the tavern-keeper up to view in such light that the stoutest men shuddered in contemplation of the picture.

Of course Ben Foxton was told what the parson had said concerning him, and his wrath knew no bounds. He swore that he would cowhide Haynes if he lived to meet him in the street; and straightway he went to Ramsdell's store and bought the heaviest cowhide he could find. He meant mischief, for he was exasperated and infuriate. He was a stout, burly fellow; a professional bully; and it had been generally conceded that he could whip any man in town in a rough-and-tumble fight. The friends of Mr. Haynes were anxious, and they waited upon him, and advised him not to venture out alone at present. The parson smiled, and replied that he could take care of himself.

"Nevertheless," he added, "I hope that Mr. Foxton will not attack me. In my younger days, as I have freely told my people, I was a reckless, wayward man; and though I have subdued much of the Old Adam that was in me, yet I sometimes feel, under strong provocation, that the Adamic spirit only slumbers. I hope that the base coward will not tempt me."

It was on Wednesday morning. Mr. Haynes had been to carry a basket of provisions to a poor widow, and on his return he was met by Ben Foxton.

"Now," cried the rumseller, with a fierce oath, at the same time brandishing his cowhide, "I'm going to flog you, and I'll do it handsomely if it costs me all I'm worth!"

"Mr. Foxton, you had better leave me to myself. It will be better for both of us."

"O, you needn't preach. I aint afraid of the law!" And in addition to this the brute spit out a string of epithets upon the minister which might have made a drunken man shudder.

Mr. Haynes, feeling that he could bear no more, attempted to pass on; when, with another oath, Foxton raised his cowhide and grasped the parson by the coat-collar.

"So be it, then!" spoke Haynes, and on the next instant he delivered a blow with his clenched fist directly between Foxton's eyes that felled him to the earth like a stricken ox.

The tavern-keeper quickly regained his feet, and, with fearful oaths, renewed the attack.

Presto!—Change!

The Parson was gone, and the Old Adam of the other years stood in his place. With a grip of iron Alfred Haynes seized the brute by the collar, and wrenched away the cowhide; and then he plied the formidable weapon with all his power. The slumbering spirit was fairly aroused, and the parson was transformed into a giant of physical strength. The green-hide cut the air with a sharp, hissing sound; and it cut through the wretch's clothing, also. Finally, when Foxton's pants hung in tattered fragments about his excoriated legs, Haynes gave him one last blow, and then hurled him upon the trodden snow, casting the limp and broken cowhide after him. This done, he picked up his empty basket, and pursued his way towards home.

A few of Ben Foxton's friends, who had been witnesses of the scene, picked up the fallen rumseller, and carried him into his house, and put him to bed, and then sent for the doctor to come and dress his wounds.

The excitement consequent upon this strange event took a turn quite different from what many had anticipated. Even those who had been numbered among Foxton's friends were really glad that he had been whipped, for they had become sick and tired of his bullying bravado; and, furthermore, some of them were led to conceive a great respect for the man whom they had heretofore hated as an invader of their social rights.

As soon as possible Mr. Haynes caused notice to be circulated that a parish meeting would be held on the following Saturday evening. A full attendance was requested, as business of much importance would be brought up for consideration.

Saturday evening came, and the church was filled. When the meeting had been called to order, the parson arose and stated that the members of the parish had been called together on his account.

"My friends," he said, "you all know what has transpired during the past week. When I came among you, I was resolved that I would do what I considered to be my duty, and I have endeavored to do so, without fear of consequences. Of course I have made some enemies, and many hard things have been said about me; but hard words moved me not. At length, however, a man sought to crush me by blows. He met me in the street, and, with the name of his Maker hissing profanely from his lips, he laid his foul hand upon me. Brethren and sisters, in that hour I forgot the injunctions of our Saviour, and remembered only that deeper, primal instinct, which my God gave to me—the inborn instinct of every living thing—Self-preservation. And perhaps there was more—perhaps I did worse than simply obeying that instinct. I saw before me the man who had made widows and orphans by the score—the man who had for years been sowing the seeds of discord and corruption in your midst—the man who had stolen away the peace and joy and comfort of many families;—and that man—that impious wretch—with almost deadly intent, attacked me in the street! I will not say that I did not usurp the Almighty's sole right to vengeance.

"But, my friends, you know the whole story; you know how your minister has behaved—how he has sinned; and I am even willing to confess that my heart is so warped and hardened that I cannot feel sorry for what I have done. Should I be placed under the same circumstances again, I fear that I should cast aside the weapons of peace, and resort to those of war. Such being the case, you may feel that I am not worthy to occupy your pulpit; and, to relieve you of the necessity of dismissing me, I hereby tender to you my resignation of the office of pastor over your society."

The parson sat down, and for some moments a pin could have been heard to drop upon the floor. At length Timothy Sanders started to his feet.

"Brethren and sisters," he said, with flushed face and snapping eyes, "I'd like to see the man, woman, or child of this society that'll vote to accept our parson's resignation. By glory! I'd like just to look at 'em, and see if they've got intelligent countenances. But, Lord bless ye, there aint none o' that kind here. I guess the people of Bytown know who's who, and what's what. I think I see our parson turned adrift just because he couldn't allow Satan to trample upon him! I fancy I can see our society throwing away the greatest blessing that ever fell to us! But, Mr. President, I've got a motion to make. I move that Parson Haynes have leave to withdraw his tender of resignation;—and when that's put I've got another motion to make."

The motion was put, and carried unanimously.

"Now," cried Tim, again taking the floor, "I move that we increase our parson's salary by the addition of two hundred dollars a year to the sum we have thus far paid him."

"I'll do my share towards it," said George Everett.

"So'll I, mine," echoed Fisher.

At this point Eben Strout, our village blacksmith, arose to his feet. He was a broad-faced, noble-hearted, burly fellow, and had lately come up from the slough of the dram-shop.

"Mr. President—Brethering an' Sisters," he said, "I know 'at our parson's done an awful sinful thing. I didn't think he could do it. But then I s'pose parsons is human, like the rest of us. I aint much acquainted with religious matters, because, ye know, I've lately come amongst ye; but ef Parson Haynes says he's sinned, why, I s'pose he has. 'Taint for the likes of me to dispute him. But, I'll tell ye what—I'd a' given a little sunth'n ef I could have done that ere bit of sin myself. Howsumever, I forgive the parson for deprivin' me of the privilege; an' to show that I mean it, I'll vote to raise his salary, and I'll agree to work as many extra hours as is necessary to enable me to pay my share of it."

The vote was unanimous, and when the meeting broke up Alfred Haynes found himself surrounded by friends who were both willing and able to sustain him.

And so our Parson did not leave Bytown; but Benjamin Foxton did. The misguided tavern-keeper could not hold up his head again, even among his besotted companions, and he took himself away to parts where he was not known. In less than a month from that time, Mr. Luke Aldwake stopped selling liquor, and came back into the society; but Ramsdell and Savage were too ugly to follow the good example, and in time they lost all respectable custom, and were forced to follow in the footsteps of the tavern-keeper.

Parson Haynes is still with us, a hard-working, tireless reformer; and since the exodus of Benjamin Foxton no one has ventured to tempt him into a recommission of the great sin which led him once to tender to us his resignation.

—There is this difference between happines, and wisdom: he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER. BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE man who cultivates philosophy and belles-lettres at the expense of his jog-trot profession, is like concert-clocks, which, though striking their hours in flute-melodies, are poorer time-keepers than your common steeple-clocks.

EVEN in the hot whirlpools of pleasure, a man may move his fish-tail—reason—and therewith describe for himself a rectilineal course through the billows.

CHILDREN, like the fixed stars viewed from mountains, should never tremble; and the earth should seem to them, as it would do from a star, glorious, shining, not earthy black.

WOMEN of genius, like flying-fish between the two elements, hover between manhood and womanhood, injured by both, and persecuted in both kingdoms.

'TIS of little use for a man, pinched with poverty for three score years, to get rich then—to obtain luxurious food when he has lost the teeth to eat it with.

OUR young ladies are getting altogether too fond of reading accounts of the lives and executions of great criminals. Like larks in cages, they live upon hemp-seed.

WITH your true swindler, the brain must have played the Aaron's Rod to the heart—swallowing it whole; a miracle often performed in the anatomy of great public men.

STRANGE it is, but reputations, like hats and cloaks, will last some people twice as long as others, though the commodity be the same to a thread.

THE last man of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage—a thing to talk of, not to use.

YOUR real, quick-blooded, genial vagabond is the arabesque of life. Talk of cabinet-dinners—give us vagabond suppers.

THE fellow that doesn't pay the tailor for his coat should be fitted with a coat of tar turned up with feathers.

THERE are angelic female voices that would win a bird from the tree or coax a nail out of heart of oak.

IF women are flowers, we fear that they are as often silk and paper and gum-flowers as botanical ones.

WE can have, if we will, perennial, fire-proof, water-proof, storm-proof enjoyments, that is to say, employments.

MONEY is now the equivalent and representative of value in all things, and consequently in understanding; the rather as a *head* is stamped on it.

THE weaker the brain, the more readily it believes, as is seen in drunken persons, children and sickly women.

A WOMAN needs nothing more than mental lassitude and antipathy to action to poison the holy trinity of wedlock—child, husband and self.

THERE are few delights like that of a young budding author, who finds himself for the first time sprouting into leaves.

NEVER throw down your cards, but play out the game. The more certain to lose, the wiser to get all the play you can for your money.

THE rare excess of female talent should rather be an additional call to education than a passport for neglecting it.

THE greatest of all female charms, in the eyes of unprincipled men, is novelty; and *that* the most charming must lose.

THE old theologians called the toilet, not inappropriately, the clothes-devil.

WE don't like negative men, but a man may often be a great deal too *positive*.

THE woman who rejects an offer of marriage practices *slight of hand*.

EVEN a pig on the spit has the consolation of thinking that things may take a turn.

IF a public speaker cannot make a live speech, no matter how soon he makes his dying one.

CATTLE are not ambitious of fame, but the very wind blows their horns for them.

CURRENT ITEMS.

HENRY LAMPSON, a young man living near the town of New Ulm, in Minnesota, went out hunting deer one day not long ago, and having wounded a large buck without disabling him, the infuriated animal rushed at the hunter with a ferocity which appalled him. To escape the death which he believed to be imminent, Lampson started for a good-sized tree but a few rods distant from him, but before he could gain its refuge the buck overtook and trampled him to the earth, where it is probable he would soon have killed him, had not a dog belonging to another hunter come up and attacked the buck. This diverted his attention from the prostrate man, who, getting upon his feet and quickly reloading his rifle, shot the buck dead.

FIVE or six months ago, a merchant from Chicago was robbed in this city of several hundred dollars in money and a valuable gold watch, of which he could get no trace until a few days ago, when being again in the city, he saw a man in a cigar store pull out his missing port-monaie. He had the discretion to make no sign of discovery or suspicion, but quietly followed and watched the stranger until he came to a policeman, when he briefly stated his case and had the suspected man arrested. On being searched, the missing watch was also found on the rogue, and he was locked up; but the money, of course, could not be found.

A COUPLE of gold speculators got into a row in an omnibus one afternoon lately, and matters coming to a crisis, one of them "operated for a fall" of his opponent by hitting him a heavy blow with his fist on the left temple, which completely stunned him. At this stage of the transaction "outsiders" interfered, and the "market closed" mixed. The next day the speculator who struck the blow was arrested for assault and battery, and held to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars.

SOME vicious boys got into an unfinished house, in Forty-ninth street, one evening recently, and amused themselves in kindling a fire in the kitchen hearth, and using the carpenter's materials for fuel. After burning up several doors that were unhung, and destroying other valuable stuff, they blackened the walls and mantels with coals, and otherwise marred the interior of the building, and would probably have done more serious damage had not a policeman seen the light and gone in to ascertain how it came there.

ONE day not long since, as a farmer living in Cayuga county, N. Y., was drawing a load of wood, he thought he would take a short cut across a frozen pond; but the ice being too weak to sustain the load, the farmer and his team were let through into about five feet of water, where they floundered for some time, and where the horses came near drowning, but they were at last got out with the assistance of some of the neighbors.

FLORA McDONALD, a sewing girl, without relatives or friends in America, committed suicide one evening lately, by taking laudanum. As near as could be ascertained, she was penniless, dependant, and had been recently disappointed in love,—a young man who had been paying her special attention for some time having suddenly married another girl, who was an acquaintance of the suicide's.

A WOMAN of respectable appearance was detected in purloining some valuable laces and handkerchiefs in a Broadway store one day lately; but she begged so hard to be let off, and "was so good-looking," (as the story was told to us) that the proprietor of the establishment, after taking her address—perhaps to intimidate her—allowed her to depart without the escort of a policeman.

JEROME BOGARSCH, a drayman employed by a brewer up-town, having been discovered in surreptitiously selling kegs of lager bier belonging to his employer, and being threatened with prosecution and imprisonment therefor, mixed a dose of strychnine with his lager, and thereby escaped all earthly punishments.

JULIUS KNOBREIGH, an organ-grinder, was run over in East Broadway, a few days since, by a run-a-way horse, attached to a grocer's wagon. His organ was smashed, his left arm broken, and his right shoulder dislocated. The loss of his organ seemed to afflict the poor fellow a vast deal more than his bodily injuries did.

NEW YORK LEDGER
ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the old dying year hung the cypress bough down,
And cypress still waves in the new monarch's crown,
For laurel wreaths wither beneath the yew's shade
As the mighty of earth underneath it are laid.

Ere the new-sceptred king dragged his mantle of snow
Through the first icy arch of the months bending low,
All silently, peacefully, outward there stole
From Life's ante-chamber a patriot's soul;
Nor waited credential from potentate's pen,
Save the deeds of his years, even three-score-and-ten,
Ere he passed to the palace and stood by the throne
Where serf and ambassador answer alone.

Earth shaded her eyes as the envoy passed in
To the bright world that shall be, from this which hath been;
And then sadly sighing, for us, not for him,
She points through the valley, mist-laden and dim,
Where the blossoms of goodness embroider the sod
All along the bright path which a good man has trod.
We plead—"Let the mighty and wise pass away,
"We yield thee, oh Death! shining laurel and bay;
"But leave us the good. They are rare, oh! so rare.
"Leave the white bloom of peace on the silvery hair;
"Leave us souls pure and honest, warm patriots true,
"Whose voice for sweet Charity ever shall sue;
"Leave the fair open palm from a stain free and white;
"Leave the eloquent tongue with its plea for the right;
"Leave us these, cruel monarch."
Ah! idly we plead;
He hears not our calling, or gives us no heed.

Like the wheat by the reaper cut suddenly down,
While yet the gold nods from its feathery crown;
Like the fair arching elm which in June-glory dies,
Nor waits till the Autumn its lost beauty sighs;
Like a snow-drift upreared till its crystalline crest
Catches glimpses of glory adown the bright west,
Then falls, while its glitter and brightness remain,
Forever unsullied by tempest or stain—
So EVERETT passed from the vision of men
With the thick shining honors of three-score-and-ten.
He went from the mountain top, not from the vale,
So Earth shall not see him go down in the dale,
Or stumble or falter. Ah, God knoweth best
When the star in the zenith he fixes at rest.

In the death of EDWARD EVERETT I have lost the oldest friend that remained to me. I saw him for the first time in August, 1813, more than a half century ago, on my examination for admission to Harvard College. I was then twelve years old, he nineteen. He was at the time the college tutor of the Latin Language, and for one quarter at Cambridge our class read with him the first books of Livy. A marvellous account of the ability he had displayed in the four years of his student's life, his undisputed reputation as the best scholar that had been graduated within the traditions of that day, a grave and sedate and earnest manner, a sanctity of appearance, that made him in youth an object of veneration, gave him over our class an influence such as no other instructor exercised. In a few weeks he was invited to take the place left vacant by the lamented Buckminster, and at the end of the term he bade us an affectionate farewell. I remember to this day the aspect of holiness which he wore, as he made us a parting speech, full of the best counsels and exhortations. In the pulpit his manner at that time was more sober and calm and solemn than at any later period. Crowds thronged to hear him; he loved occasionally to treat subjects of critical learning; the oldest doctors in the temple were amazed at his skill in disputation; and the young of both sexes hung with delight on his fervid but chaste and modest eloquence.

In the latter part of 1814 he travelled to the South, having for one of his chief objects to visit Jefferson; but calls from home forced him back from Washington. In December, John Adams, then in his eightieth year, thus heralded his fame to the great author of our declaration of independence: "The most exalted of our geniuses in Boston have an ambition to see Monticello, its library, and its sage. I lately gave a line of introduction to Mr. EVERETT, our most celebrated youth." He had been a clergyman for about a year, and was then but twenty.

Soon elected Professor of Greek literature in Harvard, where the promise of his return was hailed with rapturous delight by the students, he repaired to the university of Göttingen for better preparation for the office. Here among those most accomplished in learning and most famed for industry, he secured the same degree of esteem as at home. He had a miraculous facility in acquiring learning; this is one of the marked features of his intellect, in which I never knew any one that excelled him. He mastered Greek with an ease that was the admiration of his teachers; Dissen, the great enthusiast for Plato and Pindar and the Greek tragedians, a solitary recluse, learned to bear him affection; and before long he spoke and wrote German so well, that at the request of the venerable Eichhorn, the editor, he contributed a review to the great Göttingen periodical.

It was during his residence abroad, that my intimate relations with EVERETT began. Just as he was leaving London, when fullest of engagements, and when every moment of his time was most precious, he heard that I, then seventeen, was on my way through Holland to Göttingen, and he found time to write in advance and send to meet me at Amsterdam a very long letter, full of encouragement and the most minute and carefully considered detail of instructions and advice. An elder brother could not have shown more of guardian care. I mention this, only to bring out another trait in his character. He never missed an opportunity to do a kind office to a fellow man, especially to a man of letters. All his life long he was true to this quality in his nature. He could not be so occupied, but he would find time for a good word to any young scholar that needed it, and when a novice in authorship ventured to come before the public, he was sure to ponder upon the best way of introducing him to favor, or shielding him from censure, or if need were, breaking his fall. At the same time he was chary of his hours and even of his minutes.

A young man who had a fondness for classical studies, and was hesitating whether to devote himself specially to them as a pursuit for life, EVERETT advised to a different choice, and added: "You see I have placed so much confidence in you as not to hesitate in advising you to this, because my own studies happen to be devoted to the other. No one thing does, or will, give me greater pleasure than to witness any sort of improvement in America; and if you should find your taste incline you to those pursuits which fall within my sphere, you may depend upon my counting every success you meet as a new pleasure of my own."

Here another marked characteristic of EVERETT's mind is portrayed with exact truth. He took pleasure in every success that any man could gain, alike in other pursuits and in those kindred to his own. He never doled out scant praise. He never withheld from any one the applause that was due. I never could discern in him the slightest vestige of envy. His heart expanded at observing merit in others; and if sometimes he was too forbearing or too complacent toward mediocrity, he gloriously redeemed that foible by the keenest and most willing perception of all kinds of excellence. His own culture of a particular branch only gave him taste to discern and promptness to acknowledge any happy achievement of others in the same class of effort. He would hear a public speaker do well, relish his performance with the liveliest pleasure, and dwell on its merits with nice discrimination and the heartiest approval.

Returning home to occupy his post as Professor of Greek Literature at Harvard, he burst upon the world around him with a fertility and variety of industry, which even went beyond highly raised expectations. In part this was the natural outflow of his own exuberant and buoyant genius; in part perhaps it proceeded from something like necessity. He inherited no fortune; nothing but the taste for intellectual culture and purity; he was the most successful member of a numerous family; and his affection for those who were bound to him by ties of blood could never be exhausted. His manner of life was marked by liberality and elegance; but he was simple in his habits, and was never given to ostentation; and by the fruits of his own exertion he was able to be of service to those who were akin to him and to others. There were those whom he never ceased to care for, even when the burden became very heavy for him to bear. Here is another leading trait in his character; he gave away money not thoughtlessly but freely, always with reflecting judgment, as befitted one who had not much to spare and who desired to do the most good; he kept up this habit of generosity always; and in proportion to his own income, there was perhaps no one who gave more, or showed himself more free from everything that is sordid. His happiness seemed to centre in others; and where is there a man who habitually did so much work for others and so little for himself alone? His activity gave an impulse to all kinds of study; to the study of ancient law, of art, as well of classic literature. His manner of speaking was irresistible. Kirkland, the President of Harvard College, who was remarkable for his love of all his good scholars, referring to a cast which adorned EVERETT's library, said of him, that in the animation of his eloquence he looked like his own Apollo. And in the midst of the toil which his multiplied courses of lectures brought upon him, he became editor of the North American Review. For a time the world mixed with its admiration that disposition to blame, which is perhaps necessary to bring out talent in its perfection. To be first in so many branches, in scholarship, in eloquence, in English style, in general letters, and among conservative people to go off the old track and move upon a broader guage of his own, was more than could be borne without jealousy; but if others were ever unjust towards Mr. EVERETT, he never retaliated, and generously and without diminution, recognised the worth even of those who most grudgingly conceded his own. To these public attractions he added exemplary tenderness in private life; and when any one of his family became ill, he was the most judicious, most patient, and most skilful nurse.

The culminating moment of this period of his life was in August, 1824, when he was to address the great literary society of Cambridge on the circumstances favorable to the progress of literature in America. A vast audience, culled chiefly from New-England, rushed eagerly to hear him; by a happy chance, Lafayette, to whom all the people wished to show gratitude and honor, was present. EVERETT treated the main topic of his address admirably and most acceptably, and then in a manner peculiarly his own, he spoke the welcome to the returning hero in words which went straight to the heart of his throng of hearers, and which Chateaubriand translated to delighted France. This hour was perhaps the happiest of his life; his triumph too perfect to be renewed. The oration was printed; one edition after another was swept off with avidity; and all men in Massachusetts were grateful to him, that what they wished should be done faultlessly well, he had done in a manner of consummate tenderness and beauty. A vacancy existed in the representation in Congress of the district in which he resided, and he was, by the enthusiasm of the young, and by a general running together of opinion, designated as the candidate and elected.

That same season he drew nearer and nearer to the affections of the New-England people by a noble address at Plymouth, on the landing of the Pilgrims. In the following spring the semi-centennial anniversary of the first battles of the revolution was to be celebrated; and no other than he was thought of to be the orator. The village church in which he then spoke was filled chiefly by the farmers of the neighborhood; and such was his fame, and such the good will borne towards him, that the eyes of many an old man shone with tears, as soon as he rose and before he could enter on his theme.

Intense expectation followed him to Congress, where he took his place in December, 1825. For some weeks he sat as a listener. An extract of a letter from General Hamilton of South Carolina, to whom his speech was a reply, will show how, early in the following February, he began:

"I send you the debate on the resolution calling on the President for information in relation to the Congress of Panama, in which our friend Mr. EVERETT made his début. It was just as it ought to have been, because it was entirely extemporaneous, and therefore took the House by surprise, the members of which did not entertain any expectation of hearing Mr. E., except on some topic of elaborate preparation. His manner is mild, and prepossessing, and urbane in the extreme, his fluency uninterrupted, and with practice I have little doubt of his becoming a first-rate, off-hand debater, the only debating talent that is worth a farthing in a House, constituted like ours."

Five weeks later, Mr. EVERETT, who, from first to last, was the adversary of the nullifiers and all their brood, delivered a carefully prepared speech in opposition to Mr. MacDuffie. Up to that time the President, John Quincy Adams, had carefully kept back from uttering a word that could be specially offensive to a Southern slaveholder, and had even maintained a "non-committal" reserve on the subject of what was called the protection of domestic industry. Mr. EVERETT, in opposing a scheme of Southern statesmen, desired to announce emphatically that he was no opponent of the South; and by an eagerness, not unusual in an orator, his rhetoric went beyond his intention. He uttered some words that were justly censured; and applied apologetically to our century the usages and language of two thousand years ago; yet on this occasion he was perfectly sincere, and perfectly consistent with his own character and antecedent discourse. And this brings me to an explanation of qualities in his nature, which affected his long career as a statesman, and must be taken as the interpretation of his whole life. His organization was so delicate, his nervous system so fine and sympathetic and quick, that he could not contemplate scenes of blood without an instinctive horror. Esteeming his colleagues from South Carolina, and loving their society, he refused to consider an institution which they upheld as wholly inexcusable, or universally and absolutely wrong; and the thought of the sorrows that would follow the track of insurgent slaves was more than he could bear. Hence his utterance of words which might seem to have been offered in excuse for slavery itself. But with all this dread of sanguinary revolution and the war of races, Mr. EVERETT was, by that very sensitiveness of organization, full of sympathy for all who were unhappy or oppressed; he upheld the radical doctrine of democracy against the tory and imperialist theory of the divine right, or right of force, and against the English whig doctrine of compact; his mind sometimes ran in a channel which a socialist might have been willing to follow; he repelled the heart-withering doctrines of Malthus; he kindled with burning fellow-feeling for the uprising of the Greeks; he spoke for the dignity and the welfare of the free working man; and without violating his instincts or habits of thought, he gave at the close of his life his testimony for immediate, universal emancipation. By the apprehensiveness of his constitution he was timidly conservative; by the sentiments of his heart he was the friend of equal rights and of mankind. This apparent contradiction, which has existed in other great and good men, qualified all the judgments made of him by those who really knew him; and if, by those who did not know the depth of his love for liberty and his fellow-men, he was sometimes chidden for want of firmness, those who read the secrets of his soul were aware that he would be more likely to encounter martyrdom for his sympathies and opinions than those who doubted his power of self-sacrifice; and in his first speech in Congress, and always to his dying breath, he fought inflexibly against the revolutionary tendencies of the evil spirit then known as nullification.

This divided nature unfitted him to become a debater in Congress; he might shine as the representative of a party, but not as a party leader. Had he had more alloy, he would have been a better political gladiator. But his industry made his services essential to those with whom he acted; some of the best official reports put forth by his political friends are of his workmanship; and he excelled on occasions when he could strike a cord that vibrated sweetly for all. This was never more marked than in his farewell to Congress, when in beautiful language and his most impressive manner, he paid a tribute to General Jackson, the restorer of the union, then engaged in upholding the rights and honor of our country and establishing peace with France.

In 1835 Mr. EVERETT passed from Congress into the chair of Governor of Massachusetts. Parties were becoming more evenly balanced; the Northern Democracy, as organized in that State, was as much devoted to the Union as himself, as much opposed to all the forms of nullification, and quite as independent of the influence of slavery; but they differed from him by vindicating the policy of separating the public revenue from the hazards of paper currency, and by greater inclination to the principles of free trade. They increased gradually in weight and in numbers, and at the end of four years he found his opponent elected over him by a majority of one vote. The contest had been carefully kept free from personal asperity towards EVERETT; the opponents of his party had treated him with the reverence which his just administration and his personal virtues deserved; and the new democratic governor paid the fullest tribute of esteem to his predecessor, whom, with an unwonted strength of expression toward a man still so young, he described as "illustrious." Among those who contributed to EVERETT's defeat, was one at least whom he counted amongst his intimate friends; but he never allowed himself to be swayed by a sentiment of bitterness, and never required from those he loved a sacrifice of political conviction to personal regard.

After a year devoted to rest during a residence in Italy, whence he was careful to send home works of art of superior excellence, he was again called to the public service as minister to England. His political position appears from the manner in which his nomination was received by the Senate. The southern party against which he had always stood in Congress, made war upon his appointment, because he had not proved a friend to slavery, and it merits to be brought to mind, that he was saved from a rejection by the vote of a part of the northern democracy.

How assiduous he was in London to all the duties of his station; how devoted to the general interests of his country; how attentive to the claims of individuals; how perfectly he bore himself in a foreign land as the representative of this Republic, and not of a party—is still fresh in the public memory. The great and the good of all classes sought his society; he was a most welcome guest at every country house which he found time to visit; and in town, Macaulay, and Hallam, and Milman, and Sidney Smith, and Babbage were among his constant companions and friends.

When EVERETT returned home he stood undoubtedly at the head of the men of letters of New-England, and perhaps I might say at the head of the men of letters of America. True, Longfellow excelled him in poetry, and Hawthorne in romance, and Prescott in history, and the incomparable Irving in his own peculiar walks; but in power of rapid and exact acquisition of knowledge, in variety and comprehensiveness of research, in the perfectly methodical arrangement of his learning, in the sovereign command over the vast mass of his resources, in the warmth and rich coloring of style, in correctness in the use of words, in the finished neatness of composition, he excelled all. The eyes of men turned to him to take the presidency of Harvard College. One at least of his intimate friends had warned him against accepting the office; of which his acceptance would certainly bring advantage to the public, but would overwhelm him with petty care and torment his too sensitive nature with provoking annoyances. Besides, his habits of study and occupation at home began very seriously to impair his health; he had not in youth indulged in athletic exercises, in wrestling, or running, or riding; now it was too late for him to change his habits, and as a consequence, his mode of life required extraordinary circumspection. But he yielded to the public requisition, which seemed the call of duty. It was well for the institution that he did so; but the office was a continued martyrdom for himself. Under his scrupulous sense of responsibility, he devoted himself wholly to his task; his favorite studies were suspended; his mind was all in his work. When he came to the government of the college, its discipline had run down; the old scholarly atmosphere had become a little tainted with indulgences in former time unknown; the liberal endowment for a library and a large part of the college funds had been foolishly squandered in an ill-shapen building, poorly adapted to its end. But EVERETT set earnestly and conscientiously about his task; his supervision of the affairs of the college was perfect; and though he personally suffered from dealing with the occasional levity and perverseness of youth, the university has never in our day had a more faithful and able chief.

When EVERETT retired from the chair, men spoke of how much he had sacrificed and how much he had suffered during the few years of his administration; on reflection they see how much he had done to raise the character of the university, which he left improved if not regenerated.

His first leisure was given to making a collection of his various addresses; and he performed the greatest act of friendship for Mr. Webster by editing his works and writing his life. Here, too, his own special character appeared; the strength of Webster is not impaired by his treatment; but as far as he could, he softened asperities and veiled the rudeness of conflicts, being always as careful to efface the follies or the errors of an opponent, as of an associate.

The health of Mr. Webster was failing; those who saw him in near interviews could trace the rapid decay of his vigor; for the last months, perhaps for more than the last year, of his life, he was unequal to his duties as Secretary of State; on his death EVERETT was summoned to be his successor, and this was the public position for which, above all others, he was fitted. Here too the fine and generous tone of his mind appeared to the greatest advantage. He never lisped a word of the confusion in which he found the affairs of the department, or the heavy arrears of accumulated business. He went diligently to work to repair what his friend had of necessity neglected; he noiselessly and thoroughly restored order where it was wanting; he finished without hurry, but completely, what remained to be done; and he did it all in such a manner that he was alike faithful to his affection for the memory and good name of his predecessor, and faithful to his country. We all remember with pride the vigor with which he repelled an invitation for an entangling alliance with foreign powers respecting the government of Cuba. All parties have joined in praising the ability which he displayed during this short period of administrative service.

Before he retired from the cares of office which to him were not oppressive, his native commonwealth sent him to the Senate of the United States. It was too late. His nervous excitability, heightened by his sufferings as an invalid, wholly unfitted him for a place in a body in which the debates were daily becoming more fierce. His health was broken; he could not bear the late and the uncertain hours of labor which the Senate demanded; and under the peremptory and wise direction of his physician, he soon retired to private life, which he was never again to leave.

The calmness of his quiet years allowed him to nurse his constitution, and his old age was beautiful and happy. There was no voice which his countrymen so loved to hear on questions of public interest, the culture of science, the advancement of learning. Others live only for themselves and within themselves; EVERETT lived for others, and was never so happy as when he played upon the great instrument of the national mind, and found that his touch brought out tones in harmony with the movements of his own soul. This mode of life was attended with something of trial; for the sensitiveness which was a requisite to his success in keeping up a sympathy with the mind of the people left him more than ever acutely susceptible of pain from public censure, and even from the idle cavils of triflers, or the sneers of the envious and malign. But the current of public opinion was so strong in his favor, he called out so much affectionate approval by his singularly disinterested devotion to the public good, that his last years were among the happiest of his three-score-and-ten—happier than the years of impatient, aspiring youth; happier than the years of political conflict. It was a remark of the late John C. Calhoun that there is no reward so much to be desired as "for a man to stand well with his kind." EVERETT stood well and beloved among his fellow-men.

He saw the clouds that were lowering over the land, and prayed earnestly that they might be dispelled. For the sake of the Union he kept constantly before the mind of the nation the name and memory of Washington; and devoted himself with earnestness to setting apart MOUNT VERNON as the spot where all Americans might meet with an equal glow of patriotism. There at least the transient passions of the day were to be hushed by recalling the immutable glory of the past; and thus disloyalty was to be rebuked by the present influence of the father of the country. His zeal in this cause led him to accept the munificent invitation of the LEDGER; and when he had in that way become accustomed to discourse to a cloud of listeners whose number was incalculable, his love of sympathy assisted to make that journal his favorite way of access to the public. But his views as a statesman could not be suppressed; and his papers in the LEDGER reflected at first indirectly, then more openly, his judgments on public affairs.

To promote the great end of maintaining the Union, EVERETT was not an advocate for concession, but for conservatism. He had in his manhood resisted nullification with all his might; he now resisted everything that tended to secession. To keep the constitution as it was and thus to avoid all conflict with the South, was the key-note of his policy; and when men sought to avert the storm which threatened ruin, one party looked to him, in connection with another name, to bear, in the presidential contest, the standard on which was inscribed "the Constitution and the Union." The selection was just; for he was ever a lover of the Union, and ever a supporter of the Constitution, in its simple integrity, unimpaired and unchanged. Without attempting to solve the question whether he was right in the attitude which he assumed, it is certain that he was honest, and that the place as candidate which he consented to occupy, fitted the conduct and the opinions of his life. It is, perhaps, less known, that in the threefold division which prevailed at the Presidential election in 1860, it had been the intention of Mr. Douglas, as he avowed to one or two at least of his friends, in case the decision had gone to Congress, to have given his influence to secure the election of the ticket which bore the name of EVERETT.

When the storm burst he could not remain quiet, and there was but one direction in which he could move. Like Douglas, to whom in so many respects he formed a contrast, he rallied to the support of the government, as the only mode in which he could rally in support of his country. Those who had before charged him with want of firmness, had not kept in mind that his delay grew out of his desires and his convictions; when events left no hope of a peaceful issue, he was instant in season and out of season, abroad and at his fireside, with friends and before the people, in giving to the contest unity of action and definiteness of purpose; and while he at the last spoke bravely for universal emancipation, that gentleness which made him so slow to acquiesce in the stern and terrible necessity of civil war, inspired him in the last public act of his life to send consolation to those who had been subdued. He died as he lived, harboring no persistent ill will even towards traitors, being satisfied if those who have engaged in rebellion will but give up the institution which led them into evil, and wishing to heal the wounds inflicted on the Union, not by the block, not by confiscation, not by revenge, but by the establishment forever of human freedom.

I have failed in this sketch, if I have not made it clear, that the course of life of our departed friend was marked by integrity and consistency, which had their root in his own nature. Are there any who wish his career had been different? It could not have been different except by his ceasing to be himself.

It is equally vain to wish, that he had devoted his powers to the completion of some special elaborate work. He was an orator, because to be an orator was what he liked best; what he was most fitted for, and what others most entreated of him. It is not certain, that he would have been one of the first of historians; those of his writings which come nearest to history, such as his life of Webster and his life of Washington, are by no means his best. No one would have painted action in more vivid colors; but of the three qualities which are needed by historians, he had not a sufficient perception of how bad men can be, of that evil in human nature which theologians call depravity. Neither was he accustomed sufficiently to consider events as subordinate to law. The other requisite, which is to perceive that after all there is something in man greater than himself, he had in an eminent degree; and this perception he turned brilliantly to account in his addresses. Neither would he have been apt to excel in the construction of a scheme of dogmatic theology or philosophy; and perhaps there are others in our time who would have gone beyond him as a systematic expounder of public law. But in the field of mental labor to which he devoted himself, he is first among us without a rival. He touched the chord of public feeling with instinctive accuracy and power; at seventy he could hold a vast audience enchained, as he spoke without notes, with a clear, melodious, and unbroken voice for two hours together; and when he prepared himself for a public speech, all learning and all science seemed to come at his bidding, and furnish him with arguments, analogies, and illustrations. What he has spoken with his golden mouth was always in behalf of good letters, of patriotism, of the advancement of his country in science and art; of union; of the perpetuation of republican institutions. From the Charles River to the Missouri the air still rings with his eloquence.

There remains no man alive who has given such an impulse to the minds of the young in his generation; they will rise up to bless his name and to preserve his memory in honor.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

NEW YORK, January 18, 1865.

EDWARD EVERETT is dead! He died, as we briefly announced in our last number, of apoplexy, at his residence in the city of Boston, a little after four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the fifteenth day of January.

Thus suddenly ends the mortal career of this great and exemplary man. The grief at his death is deep and universal. Everywhere and in many forms it has been manifested. All over the country the national flag has drooped at half-mast; public buildings, state and national, are draped in black: By order of the President of the United States, appropriate honors are to be rendered to his memory, at home and abroad, wherever the national name and authority are acknowledged. From the pulpit, at the bar, in public assemblies, his eulogies are pronounced. Lips of eloquence proclaim his worth. The most learned senator of the United States will exhaust all languages, ancient and modern, in adaptations to swell his praise.

"Long and loud will be the nation's requiem."

We join in the great concourse of mourners. But the most fragrant flowers in the garland which we would lay upon his grave are those of affection. In common with others we admired, we respected, we reverenced the scholar, the statesman, the patriot. But we loved the man. Innumerable words and acts of endearment rise up to recollection as we look back over the years of our acquaintance. We grieve for the death of a friend. Many of his letters to us, written in the confidence of familiar private correspondence, evince a summer-like warmth of heart, a glow of feeling, a liveliness of sympathy, which those who knew Mr. EVERETT less familiarly did not suppose him to possess.

Mr. EVERETT was a religious man. He lived ever mindful that it is appointed unto all men once to die. From early youth to the close of his long career, he devoted himself steadily, industriously, laboriously, conscientiously, to the service of his fellow-man and of his God; always faithful to his own sense of duty. Therefore, though the Messenger of Death stole upon him unawares, when he was locked in the soft embrace of natural slumber, he could not have found him unprepared. By the coffin's side there is one thought which we believe must inevitably and always occur to all persons. Imagination follows the departed spirit into those scenes which are shut out from mortal view. Surely, as we take our last look at the loved form of one whose eyes have closed in the sleep which knows no waking, there can be no other consolation comparable to the conviction that he sleeps sweetly and well.

—In a private note to us, written several years ago, Mr. EVERETT, in speaking of the Hon. GEO. BANCROFT, remarked, "WE ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS." This is the reason why we requested Mr. BANCROFT to write the sketch of Mr. EVERETT's life which appears in this week's LEDGER. There is a sameness that is almost painful in many of the sketches which have appeared in the daily papers; but Mr. BANCROFT's article is fresh, brilliant and interesting. The great historian has a fine appreciation of Mr. EVERETT's character.

TO THE SKY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Nor thou, O sky! shalt hymnless spread o'er me,
With all that opulence of calm or storm—
For thee hath Beauty also named
Amid her triple thrones.
Thou wert, of old,
A wonder and a worship, when the rapt,
Intense Chaldean on the mountains spread
His passionate palms to thee, and uttered "God!"
Thou art a wonder still. In endless awe
The nations look on thee, whether thy voice
Comes in the breeze, sent from thy azure hall,
That breathes a tune around our listening homes,
Of loving gentleness; or in the Autumn-Wind,
That sobs, like some lone, mournful pilgrim-soul
Amid the yellow leaves, and lifts the heart
To solemn contemplation; or in trumps
The lords of tempest mould from flaming clouds,
And sound on mountain-tops until we seem
To hear the death-doom of a shuddering world.

Earth-ruling sky! the nations take from thee
Their aspect and their soul, whither thy wings
Shake rudely o'er the Atlantic's icy surge,
Or stir the warm Ægean.
Boundless sky!
What hand hath yet in yon far mystic deeps
Thine outmost pillar touched? What hand hath weighed
Thy sun-ribbed opulence? What foot hath trod
Thy great, bright wilderness of branching spheres
That fill the seasons of Eternity?

"THE ONE alone!" yon starry woods reply,
And our own Earth, an humble but bright leaf,
Rustles a reverent echo, "ONE alone!"

LEFT ALONE.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "SELF MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXX.

BRAVE STRUGGLES.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. LONGFELLOW.

Owen arose bright and early on Monday morning. Gayly he took down the shutters and opened the shop; then he lighted a little fire in the small cylinder stove, and went behind the counter and arranged his show-case; lastly he seated himself on the high stool, at the shop desk, and began to study the invoice furnished him by Mr. Lacy, that he might be well posted in the retail prices of the goods. He did this while waiting for customers.

But the early morning passed and no customers came in.

At eight o'clock Nancy called him into the back parlor to breakfast.

He went in, just a little discouraged. But he had scarcely sat down, and helped himself to some of the hash made of the cold mutton left from yesterday's dinner, when the shop bell rang sharply. It was made to ring by the opening of the door.

Owen dropped his knife and fork and eagerly ran into the shop. In a few minutes he returned again.

"Mother dear, it is the woman whose husband keeps the bar at the Elm Tree Inn. She wants to get some things on credit. Must I let her have them?"

"Of course, Owen," said Amy.

Owen hesitated for a moment as though he had some objection to advance; but finally he turned and went to obey his instructions. This time he was gone half an hour, at the end of which he returned, looking a little depressed.

"She got seven dollars' worth, mother dear," he said.

"Did she, love? She was a good customer."

"I don't know, mother. Father didn't think she was, although he let her have things on credit. She has been on our books for ever so long, mother."

"Ah, Owen, so are we on other people's, darling! We must give and take, dear."

"Yes, mother, but we are on other people's books for the necessaries of life that we cannot do without. And we pay as fast as we can. But this woman, Mrs. Ball, mother, runs in debt for luxuries like otto of roses, and bear's grease, and rouge, and lily-white, and she seldom or never pays, and there are so many like her, mother dear! Enough in every village to break every tradesman in it if they would trust them. Mother, are you going to credit these people?" inquired Owen, very anxiously.

"My love, I must! I *ask* credit, Owen, and I am not refused. Therefore when credit is asked of me, I must give it."

"Yes, mother, but there is such a difference in our cases! We run in debt because we can't help it, and we mean to pay. But these other people, it seems to me, run in debt because they can do it, and they never mean to pay! Mother, you don't know how many names are on poor father's books! And as to these goods that we have got *now*, mother, it seems not right treatment of Mr. Lacy to risk them by selling them on credit, at least until we have made enough money by cash sales to pay him for them."

"There may be some reason in what you say, little son; but the whole case comes to this—that as long as we have the face to ask credit in the village, we cannot have the face to refuse it!"

"Oh, mother! I wouldn't refuse it to any one who was known to be good pay; only to suspicious people. Mother dear, all our success depends on doing a cash business!"

"You wouldn't refuse it to any one who was known to be good pay! Owen, my boy, are *we* known to be good pay? By no means. And yet no one refuses to credit us. We must do as we are done by."

"Oh, mother dear! there is *such* a difference, if you would but see it!" said the boy.

But Amy would not "see it." And her little son was forced to obey her.

Owen had scarcely finished his breakfast before the shop bell rang sharply again.

He hurried away to answer his summons.

This time the visitor was a young lady, who priced every article in the case and then bought a lead-pencil for which she paid ten cents, and went away.

And that was the only cash customer Owen had all day. But then Monday was always a "slow" day for business.

The following days were rather faster; yet at the close of the week, when the young shopkeeper made up his book, he found that he had made nothing at all. His cash sales did not cover expenses, and his credit sales he knew would be more than half clear loss.

Owen knew where the evil lay—in the fatal habit of trusting untrustworthy people! But he could not remedy that evil while his gentle, tender-hearted, confiding mother insisted that credit should be given to all who asked it, because credit had been given to her.

Young as he was, Owen saw very clearly to what all this tended.

As other boys have been endowed with genius for art, science, or literature, so Owen Wynne was gifted with that wonderful commercial talent that afterwards made his name so famous among the merchant princes of our country.

He gently and respectfully, in his boyish way, tried to argue with his mother on her ruinous manner of ordering the business of the shop. But all to no purpose. We all know that mules are perfectly docile animals compared to one of these gentle creatures like Amy, when they have once formed a resolution that they deem to be right. Mules may be mollified and mountains moved; but not they!

There was from twenty to thirty dollars taken in by Owen each week. But every dollar of this money was sacredly laid by to pay Mr. Lacy. And never except when, at the end of the week's accounts, there happened to be a few loose dimes left, did Amy indulge in the luxury of a little fresh beef or mutton.

Owen worked harder and more zealously than ever. As there was no money to spare to buy fuel, and very little to buy meat, Owen was still obliged to gather sticks for the fire and to set traps for the wild game. As it was necessary to do all this without neglecting the shop, Owen arose each morning long before it was daylight, went to the woods, and examined his trap; took any game that might have been caught in it, reset it, and then gathered a large basket full of sticks to fetch home. In two or three trips he would gather enough to last the day through. And from this last trip he would return in time to kindle the fire ready against Nancy came down to get breakfast; and to open the shop for the first customer.

About this time Amy also got a little work to do. There was a young lady of the neighborhood going to be married. And every dressmaker and seamstress in the village was set to work to make up her wedding clothes. Among the rest Amy received her share. And she worked diligently day and night, sparing herself not in the least. And the money made by her needle-work she intended to lay by towards paying her quarter's rent.

Oh! that dreaded rent day, with no ready money to meet it, how it haunted the mind of the poor young widow, sleeping or waking! To be sure Mr. Miller, her landlord, was "the mildest-mannered man alive," and she had feared him less than all her creditors. But still Amy had seen too much of life and character to draw any very confident conclusions from mere manner.



MRS. MORLEY EXAMINES AMY'S WORK.

And so not without just reason she tormented herself with the question—Should the next rent day find her without money to meet the just demands of her landlord, what might he not do? He might, if he chose, seize and sell all her goods and chattels, and turn her and her children into the street to starve or beg.

Amy shuddered at the bare possibility, and worked more diligently than ever, deeming that no toil, however hard, could be too great to be undertaken to save her children from such a fate.

But Amy Wynne was sinking under her accumulated burdens. The combined effects of anxiety, close confinement to the house, incessant needle-work, insufficient food, and the draft made upon her constitution by the nursing of the two children—all acting at once upon an organization originally very delicate, were pressing Amy towards her grave. She wasted thinner. Her fevers came in earlier and lasted longer each day. She continued her cheap regimen of bread and tea; and on Sundays only she indulged in a little meat. Every morning, when breakfast was over, the teapot was filled up with water and set on the top of the stove, and during the day Amy, when she felt feverish, thirsty and weak, and ready to sink with exhaustion, took a cup of this overdrawn tea, which fitfully satisfied her thirst, and seemingly renewed her strength. But as she took it without milk or sugar, which she could not afford to use so freely, it was but a pure nervous stimulant, which in the end did her more harm than good.

She coughed but little during the day; but as soon as she lay down at night the cough commenced and racked her fragile frame at intervals until the morning.

Her little son knew not much of his mother's sufferings during the day. Her patience, her courage and her cheerfulness misled him as much as did her sparkling eyes and crimson cheeks and lips.

But at night, while Amy lay awake coughing in one room, Owen lay listening and grieving in the other. Often he would rise and go to her door and say:

"Mother dear, what is the matter? Can I do anything for you? May I come in?"

But between her paroxysms of coughing, Amy would answer:

"It is only my cough; I shall get over it presently. You can't do anything for me dear. Go back to bed, Owen."

And she would try to smother her cough under the bed clothes, lest it should distress her little son.

And he would return to his bed and lay there, with the silent tears trickling down his cheeks listening and watching until "tired nature's sweet restorer" pressed his eyelids down in forgetfulness.

It was on a fine afternoon about this time that Mrs. Morley paid her promised visit. She entered the shop while Owen was standing behind the counter waiting for customers. She spoke cheeringly to the lad; asked him after his mother; bought a bottle of aromatic saltz to encourage the business, and then passed on to the little back parlor to look for Amy.

The young mother had just finished nursing her own child and had laid it in the cradle, which she was slowly rocking with her foot, while she was holding the other babe to her bosom. Her face was more wasted than ever before; her cheeks were hollow and crimsoned, and her eyes were unnaturally bright with the consuming fever that was feeding on her vitals. Her needle-work lay in a basket on the stand ready to be snatched up in an instant.

Mrs. Morley positively recoiled in dismay.

What a picture of an overtasked life did the poor young widowed mother present, as she sat there with her fevered frame between the cradle and the work-stand, rocking one child, nursing another, and glancing eagerly at her sewing as though she felt she had no time to lose.

Amy arose nervously to meet her visitor; laid patient Little May only half satisfied in the foot of the cradle; arranged her own disordered dress and held out her hand to Mrs. Morley saying:

"I am very glad to see you out this fine afternoon, ma'am."

"Thank you, my dear. But what is the matter with you? have you been ill?" inquired the old lady as she slowly sank into the chair that Amy had set for her.

"Oh no! It is only my old cough that has been a little aggravated by a cold I took during the hard weather. It will wear off in the spring. It always does," said Amy, with a smile, as she resumed her seat.

"How are you getting along my dear?"

"Oh! better than we could expect. The little shop is doing quite well for a beginning."

"Do you clear expenses my dear?"

"Well no; not yet; but we hope to do so. Besides, I have a good deal of needle-work."

"Do you take in needle-work?"

"Oh yes, gladly, whenever I can get it to do," said Amy, lifting the garment that was on hand from the work basket, and handing it to Mrs. Morley.

"And is this a specimen of your work my dear?" said the old lady, examining critically the fine tucking of the cambric skirt, for that was the article in question.

"Yes madam. It is a part of Miss Mim's wedding outfit. I have a dozen of them to make."

"All tucked like these?"

"All tucked as much; but each in a different style."

"It is beautiful sewing! beautiful! how much does she give you apiece for making these?"

"Fifty cents."

Mrs. Morley stared.

Amy smiled.

"How long does it take you to make one of these skirts?" asked the old lady.

"I can make one in two days by rising early and sitting up late," said Amy.

"It is shameful!"

"Oh dear Mrs. Morley don't let us commence the old plaint of poor needlewoman's wages! It will do no good. It can't be helped I do suppose," said Amy with a smile.

"But, Amy, my dear child, you are not strong enough to confine yourself to sewing at all."

"But it is necessary that I should work," said Amy.

"For such a mere pittance. It will take you a month to finish this dozen of tucked cambric skirts. And then you will have but six dollars."

"If I did not do them I should have nothing."

"But it is killing you. You are discounting your life to get a present living, if it *is* a living, which I doubt."

"It is necessary," repeated Amy.

"Well, if it really *is* necessary for you to take in needlework, I can give you some, my dear, and give you fair pay."

"Oh, I shall thank you so much," said Amy, gratefully.

"I always used to make up all my husband's and my son's shirts; but lately they fancy that it hurts me, and so, whether I like to do it or not, they won't let me. Why, my dear, I daren't be caught at work. And what with their watching over me and taking me out for airings and coddling me in various ways, I haven't time to mend my own gloves. I haven't indeed. And now I have got a dozen of shirts for my husband, and another dozen for my son, to be made up. And you shall make them if you please."

"Oh, I shall be so glad to do so."

"The minister's shirts are to be all ruffled. He likes to wear them as he wore them in his young days. And I can't blame him."

"Oh, no. I used to know some old gentlemen in New York who always wore ruffled shirts," said Amy, smiling.

"Yes; well, my dear, how long will it take you to make a ruffled shirt?"

"I can make one very easily in two days."

"Without sitting up late?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"Well, then, my dear, I will give you a dollar apiece for making the ruffled shirts."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Morley, that is very liberal."

"Not at all. It is what everybody should give. And now—my son's shirts are only plaited. How long will it take you to make one of them?"

"Only a day."

"Without sitting up late?"

"N-no. I shall have to work after candlelight."

"Well, then, I will give you seventy-five cents apiece for them. Will that pay you?"

"Oh, abundantly. I shall be so much obliged to you, dear Mrs. Morley."

"Not at all, I say. I shall only be giving you a fair price for good work."

During this time Little May had been stretching out her arms trying to rise from the cradle, and crowing persuasively.

But Amy was too much occupied to observe her. And now, therefore, she set up a piteous wail.

Amy immediately took her up and put her to her bosom.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Wynne, you do not surely nurse that child in your feeble state of health?" exclaimed Mrs. Morley.

"Oh, yes; how could I possibly wean her? It would seem so hard to make any difference between them," said Amy, tenderly.

"'Any difference between *them*?' Between *whom*?" inquired the minister's wife, in perplexity.

"Between this and my own child," replied Amy.

"But—is not *that* your own child?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. This is the *other* little babe. There is mine asleep in the cradle."

"But—you never mean to say that you have got that strange baby in the house yet and are nursing both?" said Mrs. Morley, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes. I can not help it."

"Well, I hope the child's friends pay you?" said Mrs. Morley, expressing the very same thought that had been expressed by Mr. Lacy.

"The child has no friends as far as I know, Mrs. Morley."

"Now, Mrs. Wynne. Do you really mean to tell me that, in your feeble health and with your little means, you are burdening yourself with the care and support of that child?"

The tears filled Amy's eyes. She had been as much criticized and blamed for her care of the outcast infant as if the act had been a sin instead of a good deed; and she answered nervously:

"I *cannot* help it! How can I, Mrs. Morley. The unfortunate babe was left on my hands. There is no one but me to take care of her. If any one else would adopt the babe and do a better part by her than I can do I should be very glad both on her account and on my own. But no one comes forward to take the babe, and I have no alternative but to keep her."

"Amy, my dear," said the old lady in a gentler tone, "you could send her to the asylum."

"That is to the Alms-House."

"Yes, there is a ward there for the reception of foundlings."

"I could not send her there, Mrs. Morley. It is certain that they have never raised a child in that ward. And besides Owen is so fond of her, that it would half break his heart to have her sent there. No," said Amy, looking pitifully down on the child and speaking as to her—"No, Lily May. I will not send Owen's Lily May to the Alms-House."

"Lily—*what*?" demanded Mrs. Morley rather sharply, for she was half provoked with what she mentally called Amy's whim of keeping the outcast child, when she might send it to the asylum.

"Lily May," said Amy, smiling. "Her name is Mary, and we called her first Little Mary, and then Little May. But Owen calls her Lily May."

"And what is your own child named?"

"Gladys; we call her by the abbreviative of that name. We call her Gay, and Little Gay. But Owen calls her Lily Gay. You see," said Amy, deprecatingly, "Owen dotes on his two little sisters, and Lily May and Lily Gay are his fond names for them."

"His two little sisters! Why, my dear Mrs. Wynne, you surely have not adopted the little stranger to bring it up as your own, entirely! You have no idea what a burden it will be to you. A burden that will grow heavier and heavier every year."

"I can not tell; I do not know. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" said Amy.

"But, my dear woman, be persuaded. Send the child to the asylum. You are not able either in health or in purse to charge yourself with the support of it."

"If any good Christian will come forward and adopt Little May, I will give her up, not otherwise."

"Amy, Amy, you give your friends little encouragement to help you."

"The Lord will provide," replied Amy.

"But *why* are you so *determined* on the subject of keeping this child?"

Tears stood in Amy's eyes to be so badgered by the well meaning old lady. At first she could not speak; but presently she lifted her head with gentle dignity and answered reverently:

"Why do I persist in keeping this child?—Because our dear Saviour has said: 'Whoso receiveth *one* such little child in my name, receiveth me.'"

The minister's wife was rebuked and silenced. She could find no answer to make to this.

On the contrary, when she arose to take leave, she held Amy's hand within her own for a few moments while she said:

"Amy, my dear, not according to worldly prudence, but according to the highest Christian principles, I believe you are right and the Lord will bless you."

"Dear Mrs. Morley," said Amy, deprecatingly, "I could no more send Little May to the Alms-House than I could send my own child. I sometimes wish that I could really love her as well as I love my own; that seems impossible; but I try to make no difference in the treatment of the children. And I have a sort of presentiment that if I am good to this poor little motherless child, the Lord will greatly bless my own children; will care for them—*after I am gone*."

"The Lord will protect you and all yours, my dear. But do not talk of leaving your children. You will be spared to them many years, I hope."

"I hope so, too," said Amy, smiling.

CHAPTER LXXI.

VISITORS.

Along her cheek the deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed,
And yet each fatal token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave. WHITTIER.

Owen let Mrs. Morley out, and then entered the back parlor, where his mother still sat with little May on her lap.

As the door between the parlor and the shop had been left open, Owen had heard enough of the conversation between his mother and her visitor to enable him to understand something of its purport. Wherever Little May and the security of her shelter in the home nest was concerned, Owen's faculties were all on the alert. He was the little champion for the helpless child. He now approached his mother, put his arm around her neck, and stood looking fondly down upon the babe on her lap, and whispered softly:

"Mother, dear, I heard what Mrs. Morley was trying to persuade you to do. But you won't, will you? You will never send poor Lily May away, will you, mother, dear?"

"No, never, my darling. If there was no other reason for keeping her, I would do it for your sake. Do you think mother would send anything away you love, Owen, even if it was a kitten? Don't be frightened for your pet, my dear. She shall share yours and your sister's home as long as I live to keep one over your heads. And if I cannot love her quite as well as I love my own children, I will at least take as good care of her," said Amy.

The ringing of the shop bell interrupted the conversation.

Owen hastily kissed his mother, and ran in to wait upon the customer.

No, Amy could not love the little outcast as she loved her own children. It was perhaps neither natural nor possible that she should. But Amy was unconscious how much this difference of feeling influenced her actions towards them.

She thought she treated the children with strict impartiality. And in some respects she did so. She divided the pap or the broth that was made for them equally between them. She made for each the same number of slips, caps and socks. She dressed them exactly alike. During the day both occupied the same cradle at her feet. And at night both slept in the same crib beside her bed.

In short, the children were fed, clothed and lodged with a strict regard to "even-handed justice." But when both woke up hungry at the same moment, it was *always* Little Gay who was caught up laughing, leaping and crowing on her mother's lap, was pressed to that mother's bosom closest and held there longest, while the fondest caresses and the brightest smiles were lavished upon her. And meanwhile Little May was left in the cradle to suck her fists and wait her turn to be taken up; when Amy, worn out for the time by her own [illegible] child would have nothing for the little alien but an exhausted bosom and a tired countenance.

When their dresses were cut out, if the patterns fell short, and one of the garments had to be scant, it was sure to be Little May's. When they shared the same cradle, it was Little May who had to sleep at the foot. When they lay in the same crib at night, it was Little Gay who lay on the side next her mother. So in a hundred unconscious ways Amy betrayed the difference in her feelings between her own child, whom she tenderly loved and proudly delighted in, and the little alien, whom she only pitied and tolerated.

Young as these children were—scarcely seven months old—the effects of this difference in treatment began to be visible in them.

Gay was a joyous, dancing, romping little tyrant, who, when awake, could not be kept still for an instant; who, when pleased, laughed out loud and ringingly; and when displeased, squalled angrily and importunately; who would strike her brother in the face just as quickly as she would kiss him; and who did all these things, not from perversity or ill-nature, but from exuberance of life and baby wilfulness.

May was the opposite of all this. She was meek, patient, sensitive. When awake she would lie long in the cradle, making no complaint, she was so used to be so left. She seldom laughed; but when she was pleased, a sweet, intense smile would deepen the dimples of her pretty mouth and half close her violet eyes. She seldom cried; but when she was hurt, her little under-lip would tremble and her eyes swim with tears. She had a wistful way of watching the eyes of those around her—and no one knows how much she was affected by their expression—if it was loving, with what comfort; if it was otherwise, with what pain! It seems a dreadful thing to say; but really it appeared that the very first impression this poor babe received in life was that she had no right to be there at all. That she was where she was by sufferance only. Yes! long before the poor infant could have possibly *known* her alien state, in this family, she *felt* it, and it saddened the dawn of her life.

Owen saw all this, and while it deepened his pity for the helpless child, it also increased his love for her. He showed this in many ways, and most frequently in the pet names he called her. "The other poor little sister." "Lily May." "Owen's Lily May."

And among all the faces that were around her, the only one into which Little May looked with perfect love and perfect trust was that of Owen. As the eyes of other infants seek first the face of their mother, so the eyes of Little May sought the face of Owen!—that face which was never turned on her except in the deepest pity, the tenderest love, or the brightest smiles.

Owen could not at once forget the visit and the advice of Mrs. Morley. It still gave him a vague feeling of uneasiness. Not but that he fully trusted his mother's promise that Little May should not be sent away. Owen could neither understand nor overcome the anxiety he felt on this subject.

On a fine morning later in the same week, Amy dressed herself to return Mrs. Morley's visit. She also told Nancy to get ready to carry Little Gay, as she intended to take the child with her for an airing. As both children could not be taken, it was of course Little Gay's right to have the preference.

Owen and Little May were to remain at home.

When the party were ready to set out—Amy in her well-preserved and neat-looking widow's weeds; Nancy in her gray cloth cloak and brown silk bonnet; and Little Gay in the fine Berlin wool mantle given by Mr. Lacy—Owen came up to his mother's side.

"Mother dear," he said.

"What is it, Owen?"

"You will not let Mrs. Morley persuade you to send Lily May away, will you?"

"No, Owen. I told you I would not. Rely on my word, love," said Amy.

"Oh, I do, mother, I do! But I *know* she

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will try to persuade you, mother dear! Oh, I wish she would let poor Lily May alone. It is so cruel to go against a poor little thing like her who can't speak for herself."

"Don't be uneasy, Owen, dear. No one shall ever persuade me to send away my Owen's Lily May," said Amy, as she kissed him tenderly and stepped out upon the sidewalk, where Nancy already stood with Little Gay in her arms—Little Gay who was clapping her hands and crowing and jumping with impatience to be off.

Owen stood for a moment in the shop door watching them walk up the street towards the parsonage.

It was indeed a lovely day. Still early in February, yet with the weather of May. The frost had disappeared more than a week before. The ground was dry, the sky was clear, the sun brilliant, the air balmy. A good many of the villagers were out walking to enjoy the beauty of the day. Many of the country people were also in the village shopping. Mr. Lacy's shop over the way seemed quite thronged with customers. Altogether, the village presented a gay scene.

"Poor Lily May!" said Owen, tenderly. "If I could only leave the shop, I would take her out in the pleasant sunshine."

As he looked up and down the street at the gay passengers, he noticed a lady and gentleman walking on the opposite side of the way. He noticed them particularly; first, because they were strangers, and strangers were very rare in Rogues' Harbor; and secondly, because there was something really, singularly distinguished and interesting in their appearance. The gentleman was a tall, noble and aristocratic looking man, with a fine head, classic features, fair complexion, and light auburn hair and moustache. He wore the usual gray blouse and hat adopted by gentlemen on long journeys. The lady wore a dress and mantle of fine checked black and white shepherd's plaid, and a straw bonnet trimmed very plainly with black and white ribbon. But within that simple bonnet what a sweet face! a fair, delicate face, contrasting its pearly whiteness of complexion with the blackest hair and the darkest eyes; a face beaming with quiet happiness.

Owen could not help gazing at them until they turned into Lacy's shop. Then he, Owen, turned into the house and went into the back parlor.

Little May was in the cradle. She had contrived to kick off one little crimson sock, and was now holding up her naked foot in both hands and gazing at it as though she considered it some wonderful production of nature. All unconscious was Little May of her own hard fate in being left in the cradle in the back parlor, while the other baby was taken out for an airing. It was not likely that she would feel troubled by *that*. Little May looked for all her pleasures and received all her hurts from other people's *eyes*. She greeted Owen's return with a crow of delight, and threw up both hands and both feet by way of welcome.

Owen smiled on her and knelt down by the cradle and began to caress her and talk to her as was his custom. Only this time his talk partook of his anxiety as well as of his tenderness:

"Never mind, Lily May; if everybody in the world leaves you, Owen never will. Never, Lily May. Owen will stay with you and keep you with him as long as ever he lives. Owen's hands and feet will work for you, Lily May—"

"Goo!" crowed the baby, caressing his face with her soft fingers.

"And when Owen grows to be a tall man and makes a fortune, Lily May, you shall go to school and learn to be a lady. And you shall always be Owen's sister, just as much as Gay, and Owen never will make any difference between you—never, Lily May!"

"Goo!" crowed the baby, kicking out both feet in delight as if she might understand a 'comfort' in the words, if not the words."

"I would like to take you out for a walk Lily May; but I have got to mind the shop. Stop! I know what I'll do," said Owen suddenly breaking off—"I'll put your little mantle on and walk you up and down before the shop door, and then if any one comes, I can slip in and wait on them."

So saying this, Owen took Little May out of the cradle; put on her discarded socks; put on her mantle; and carried her out to the sidewalk before the shop; where he began to walk her up and down—*she* so sensitive to external influences, fairly panting and gasping with rapture to be out in the bright sunshine and fresh air, among the gayly dressed passengers of the street. Every minute her little finger was stretched out and her little mouth pursed up calling Owen's attention to some object in the street that attracted her notice. And Owen delighted with *her* delight would lend himself entirely to the play.

He carried her on one arm; with one of her little arms clasped his neck, while the other was continually extended in the manner I have said.

Suddenly Little May clasped his neck with a tighter clasp, gave a great leap and crying eagerly "Oo! oo!" pointed across the street.

Owen looked and saw the strange gentleman and lady who had before attracted his attention. They were now coming out of Lacy's shop and turning as if they would cross the street. They were perfect strangers to Owen but not to us. They were Arthur and Gladys Powis.

True to his promise, as soon as the frost was over, Arthur had brought Gladys to Maryland to visit the supposed grave of their child. They had gone to "Prout's Point," the village where the child was reputed to have been put to nurse, and they had found the burial-ground attached to the Church of the Holy Innocents where she was said to have been buried, and both had knelt and one had wept beside a little mound surmounted by a slender obelisk bearing the simple name "Mary"—all as it had been described to the deceived young mother. (For Mrs. Jay Llewellyn was too astute a schemer not to have provided for such a contingency as a visit, and she had placed a lying monument over a fictitious grave.) And they had inquired for a certain Doctor Thomas Brotherton; but they had been told that such a medical practitioner had resided in the town once, but that he had gone to California. Had they thought to inquire the date of his departure they would have found out that he had left the village some months before the reputed death of their child, and so they would have got some hint of the deception that had been practiced upon them. As it was, neither of the young parents suspected how cruelly they had been deceived. In all sincerity of belief, Gladys had wept and Arthur had prayed over the fictitious grave. And they had procured choice rose roots and planted around it, and then they had left the village. To vary the journey a little they had crossed the country to Rogues' Harbor, in order to take the steamer from that point to Baltimore, en route for Boston. For they were not for the present going back to Kader Idris. All their arrangements were made for a voyage to Europe and a lengthened tour over the Eastern Continent. And they were to sail from Boston on the fifteenth of the month. They were now at Rogues' Harbor, waiting for the Baltimore steamboat to pass. Their visit to Lacy's shop was from an accidental cause. Gladys, who was travelling without a maid, had carelessly forgotten her dressing-case, and left it at her last stopping-place. And she had gone with Arthur to Lacy's to supply herself with the requisite toilet articles, and they had been directed by Lacy to Mrs. Wynne's shop, opposite.

Oh! could Gladys have known whither she was going and whom she was to meet!

Or could Owen have guessed, as he saw her crossing with her husband, the right that lady had to take his "Lily May" from him!

Without the slightest suspicion of the truth, Gladys, leaning on her husband's arm, came across the street.

Without the slightest misgiving, Owen, with Little May on his arm, saw her coming.

"We must go in, Lily May! There are two customers Mr. Lacy has sent us!" said Owen, gayly, as he carried Little May into the shop. He sat her down on the counter, and told her to keep still while he waited on the lady and gentleman, who were now coming into the shop. And then he went behind the counter and stood ready.

"Show us some combs and brushes, suitable for a lady's use," said Arthur Powis, coming up to the counter.

"Oh! what a lovely little creature!" exclaimed Glady's, going straight up to the child.

"Goo!" said Little May, taking up the tassels of her new cloak and holding them up to the lady's view.

With one eye on his "Lily May" and the other on his business, Owen opened the showcase, and took out several different patterns of hair-brushes—all suitable for a lady's use, he explained.

"Come Gladys, love, here are the brushes; make your selection," said Arthur Powis.

Gladys, unwillingly, tore herself away from the lovely child, and she very carelessly tumbled over the articles submitted to her inspection.

"Oh, any will do! They are all very nice!" she said, hastily singling out two of the best brushes and putting them aside.

In doing so her eyes fell on the face of Owen, and became fixed there. She stared at the boy a full minute, until indeed he was forced to drop his eyes in embarrassment. Whereupon Gladys recovered her self-possession, and turning to Arthur she whispered:

"Did you ever, in all your life see such a likeness as that boy bears to my dear, lost father?"

"Never," answered Arthur. "I observed it myself."

"What is your name, my boy?" inquired Gladys.

"Owen Wynne, madam," answered the lad, bowing and blushing.

"Ah! no possible chance of a relationship! I almost fancied there might be when I saw such a strong resemblance. Arthur, do you recollect that portrait of my dear father as a boy of ten years of age? It is the exact counterpart of this lad," said Gladys.

"Yes, it is! But, my dear, hurry with your purchases, or we *may* miss the steamboat, and have to stop in this dull place two days longer, which would not be agreeable," answered Arthur.

Gladys selected what farther articles she stood in need of, and told Owen to put them up in a parcel.

While the boy was occupied in doing so, Gladys turned once more to the infant, seated on the counter. She raised it to its feet, and the child began to spring and dance and crow, as children under such conditions will.

"Oh! what a dear little love! Arthur look! *do* look! she isn't at all afraid of me! Look how she leaps and laughs! *do* look, Arthur!—What is her name, my boy?" inquired Gladys, suddenly breaking off to question Owen.

"Lily May, madam."

"Lily May! what a pretty name! Arthur, her name is Lily May. Look at her, Arthur! Oh, *do* look! You *won't* look!" said Gladys, half pleadingly, half pettishly, as she played with the child and danced her up and down and let her pull at the white roses in her—Gladys'—bonnet. "You *won't* look at her, Arthur!"

"Yes I will, my dear! or rather I would I we had time. Yes she is a pretty, confiding little creature; but we can not stop to play with her! The boat, you know, is expected every minute, and never stops longer than to land passengers and freight. And we must get back to the hotel, in time to secure our passage. Is the parcel ready, my boy?" said Arthur, turning to Owen.

"Yes sir—it is large. I could take it for you in about an hour's time," said Owen.

"Oh, I can not wait, but I can easily take it with me. How much do these arricles amount to?"

"Four dollars and a quarter, sir.

Arthur Powis put down the money.

"Thank you, sir," said Owen.

"Come Gladys, love," said Arthur, taking up the parcel and preparing to leave the shop.

Gladys slipped her hand though his arm, and they started. But when they got to the door, Gladys suddenly rushed back, caught the babe up in her arms, strained it to her bosom, covered its face with kisses and then sat it down again, exclaiming between smiles and tears:

"I could not help it, Arthur! She is such a captivating little creature."

Then taking her purse from her pocket, she drew from it a broad twenty dollar gold piece, and laid it on the counter, saying:

"There, my boy! I want you to get a present with this money for the baby.—No, now, don't be too proud to take it from a stranger. I had a dear little baby of my own once. If she had lived she would have been about as old as this little one. For my baby's sake I want to give this little one something. Take it. Your mother will know how to spend it for her."

"There, Gladys, my dear, listen! There is the steamer!" exclaimed Arthur, as the sound of a steamboat blowing off her steam was heard.

They both hurried from the shop, and half an hour afterward were on the boat steaming up the Chesapeake towards the mouth of the Patapsco on their way to Baltimore.

Had Gladys chanced to have put a few more questions to Owen relative to the babe that had interested her so much, she would have gained the end of a clue that would have led her to the discovery of the identity of this lovely child with her own that was supposed to be dead. And she would have left Rogues' Harbor a happy mother. But she did not happen to do so.

And thus for Gladys, the golden opportunity of finding her child was missed.

And for Owen the imminent danger of losing his pet was averted.

And yet neither of them had been conscious of the opportunity or the danger.

How many unknown, unsuspected hair-breadth escapes there are from both good and ill, in this shifting life of ours.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

USE OF HORSE-FLESH.—We learn from the foreign journals that the attempts to popularize the use of horse-flesh have been very successful in Vienna. Several butchers' shops have been opened in that city for the sale of this meat, under the authority of Government, and with a regulated superintendence. The permission was first obtained a few years since, but of late the business has considerably increased.

KNIGHT TYLNEY'S LUCK.

BY CAROLINE CONRAD.

June Quincy was just as radiantly lovely as the beautiful month she was called after. The month of roses had no blossoms of a more delicate yet vivid carnation than the bloom on her velvety cheek, held no more golden shadows than those which lurked among the ripples of her hair, and the very summer sunshine had not such a molten splendor as her eyes when any emotion stirred her.

Some emotion was stirring her now, by the flashes that crept momently from under her white lids. But she quieted the passion, whatever it was, before she looked up into the manly face that bent over her in questioning waiting, and said:

"I can't be your wife, Mr. Tylney."

And then her eyes dropped very suddenly, and he could not see the tears that were gathering in them.

An expression of keenest anguish swept into the handsome face of Knight Tylney. He had, perhaps, in love's foolish credulity, expected a far different reply to his passionate appeal to the heart of June Quincey. If she didn't love him, what had she meant by blushing so when he looked at her, and letting him escort her here, there and everywhere all these summer days? Hadn't her hand actually trembled in his, and—pshaw, what of that? June Quincey was only a woman after all, and a coquette at that, he thought, bitterly, as he turned away, and left her, to drop her face upon her hands as soon as he was fairly gone, sobbing out the pain it had been to her to answer him thus.

She was still sitting so, when Mrs. Quincey came hurriedly into the room.

"June," she exclaimed, "what can have happened? As I came up the Avenue just now, I met Knight Tylney going away. He looked pale and angry, and bade me a very cool good morning, saying he was leaving town to-day, for a long time. It was only yesterday he said he should probably remain all winter. Are you crying, my child? You haven't refused Knight Tylney?" and Mrs. Quincey dropped into a seat breathless with dismay.

June looked up, her lips quivering, and her cheeks nervously flushed.

"Yes, mother."

"What for, pray?" palpitated Mrs. Quincey, "I thought you loved him."

"I did, I do," June said, clasping her hands, "but I can never consent to become the wife of a man who is ashamed of his own mother and sister because they are poor, and at the same time is content to accept from their hardly won earnings, the means to sport his own days in idleness."

"I don't believe it," ejaculated Mrs. Quincey, indignantly, with whom young Tylney was an especial favorite, because, as she said, "though he was terribly in love with June, as any one could see, he wasn't so swallowed up in her presence, but that he could be civil to older people," meaning herself by the latter clause. Many a courtesy she was indebted to Knight Tylney for, that no other of her pretty daughter's beaux ever thaught of bestowing.

"I should be glad to not believe it," June said, sorrowfully; "but there is no room for doubt. Mr. Brompton pointed out to me the cottage where they live, and subsequently in passing near there, I saw Mr. Tylney coming away. He appeared confused at sight of me, and a very pretty girl who stood in the doorway looking after him, and crying, if I am not mistaken, went in the moment she saw me, and shut the door after her."

"It mayn't be true for all that," persisted Mrs. Quincey. "I'm not often deceived about people, and I always liked Knight Tylney. I don't believe he'd let a couple of women earn his living for him, more than I believe Howard Brompton hadn't an object in telling you that clever story about a man he always hated because he's a great deal the most a gentleman of the two."

June knew how strong her mother's prejudices were, and could make allowance for them.

"Mr. Brompton has always seemed very much of a gentlman to me," she said, gently. "He is far from being rich, but he spares yearly from his small means a sum adequate to the support of a superannuated old servant of his father's. I have besides on several occasions been a witness of his unostentatious kindness to others."

"I dare say he contrived it all beforehand," Mrs. Quincey remarked, with scornful obstinacy; "and I don't believe that old servant of his lives anywhere but in his own brain."

June Quincey only sighed in reply. Her heart was heavy; for having learned to love Knight Tylney when she believed him entirely worthy the love of any woman, it was not so easy learning to unlove him.

Mrs. Quincey stooped and kissed her before she left the room, saying:

"Well, well, don't worry, dear. It's all right enough, only I hope you may never marry a worse man than Knight Tylney. You're not thinking of having Brompton, are you?"

"Indeed, mother, no."

Mrs. Quincey went away relieved. But if June was not thinking of Howard Brompton in any such connection as that, the young man himself had his ambitious aspirations, and was neither insensible to her beauty nor her moneyed attractions as an heiress. He became from that time onward for weeks the plague of poor Mrs. Quincey's life. Perceiving his mistake in not having conciliated her before, he made some very earnest endeavors to do so now; but quite ineffectually. She had two reasons for disliking him by this time: one on his own account, and the other for the sake of Knight Tylney, whom she persisted in considering a very ill-used man, and if she had known where to direct, I don't know but she would have sent the poor fellow a written assurance of her unabated friendship for him; and I am sure, if she had dared, she would have appealed to him stirringly to come and save her from having Howard Brompton for a son-in-law. That admirable young man was a source of great anxiety to her: and when, a little before Christmas, he went down to Swamptown, a little place "somewhere in the rural districts," as he obligingly informed Mrs. Quincey, who knew where Swamptown was a great deal better than he did, ostensibly to look after the "superannuated" pensioner on his bounty, Mrs. Quincey privately dispatched a confidential letter to a sister of hers in that vicinity, and then quietly awaited the development of circumstances.

Mr. Brompton perhaps found the aforesaid pensioner in failing health. Certainly, something seemed to have occurred to disturb his equanimity, for as he went aboard the train at Swamptown *en route* for home, he jostled with rude impatience through the crowd upon the platform, nearly knocking over a little old lady in a snuff-colored dress and bonnet, and savagely kicking a small yellow cur that was trying to dodge along among the hurrying feet.

"My gracious!" said the little old lady at this, in a tone of inconceivable horror, that could not fail to attract the attention of young Brompton.

He gave her a supercilious stare in return, and as he jostled along to a seat, contrived with his elbow to dislodge some half dozen of the parcels with which she was laden, and which were for the time irrecoverable among the crowd that was pouring in. She waited patiently till there was an opportunity to recover them, muddy and trampled out of shape; but she gathered them all carefully together at last, and proceeded to find a seat. But by this the seats were mostly taken, except one by the side of young Brompton, which he evidently intended to appropriate as long as possible. He had duly established his carpet-bag therein, and it must be a daring hand that attempted to dislodge it in the face of that surly scowl that disfigured his brow.

The woman in the snuff dress and bonnet had a resolute look, however, and seemed equal to the emergency. Ascertaining by a glance that this was the only chance for a seat, she advanced intrepidly and quietly asked:

"Can I have this seat, sir?"

And then, as he affected not to hear her, and was looking obliviously from the car window, she put a hand upon his shoulder and repeated the question.

Howard Brampton turned at last, and made a deliberate effort to look the little old lady down; but, affecting to think he had replied to her in the affirmative, she uttered a voluble "thank-ee, sir," and, dislodging the carpet-bag, took its place, carefully bestowing her bundles between herself and Mr. Brampton.

"Carefully, young man! they's needles and no end o' pins inside o' that," she said, warningly, as he angrily crowded her parcels.

"Seems you think you've seen me afore," she remarked again, encountering his savage glance, "an' I think it's likely. Bin down to Swamptown?—that's where I live," nodding graciously. "Hev a pinch?" extending an immense old-fashioned silver snuff-box.

Delicately rapping the cover with her knuckles, she gracefully lifted it; when, just at this stage of the business, Mr. Howard Brampton, rendered desperated by his ineffectual attempts to frown down his talkative companion, made a wrathful movement, which, whether by accident or purposely, sent the silver snuff-box flying from her hand, the contents thereof mostly landing upon the unmentionables of our hero.

"Dear me, how'd you ever come to do that?" she ejaculated, recovering the box and a small portion of its contents, while Mr. Howard Brompton made violent efforts to remove the disfiguring powder from its lodging place.

"Guess you haint used to snuff," she said, with a contemplative air, as some of the ascending particles reached his nostrils, and he sneezed uproariously.

Some of the other passengers turned at the sounds, and those nearest began to sneeze also, as little clouds of dust were diffused from the handkerchief which Brompton was flourishing violently between his nasal organ and his endangered attire. A stout old gentleman at his right, unable to articulate for sneezing, reached over and rapped the young man most emphatically with his cane to desist.

Brompton glared at him as ferociously as he could for the tears in his eyes, and the conductor coming along, recommended him to try the effect of quiet, and disappeared hurriedly.

Quantum sufficit.

Brompton sat very still the remainder of the route. At its termination the little old woman inquired:

"Guess I couldn't git you to help me with my bundles, could I, young man?"

"*No*," growled Brompton, rushing out in a state bordering upon frenzy.

But his tormentor had not done with him yet. Encountering him again outside, she fastened remorselessly upon his arm with:

"Young man, I jest wish you'd hunt out my baggage for me. There's a hair trunk with brass rings in the ends and my——"

"You old tippity, whew! I'd see you hanged first!"

The little lady shook with malicious laughter as he wrenched himself loose and plunged in the opposite direction furiously, and then signalling the driver of a carriage that seemed to be waiting for somebody, she was packed in, bundles and all, and driven rapidly away.

"It's a confounded hard case," muttered Howard Brompton, as he wended his way to Mrs. Quincey's aristocratic residence the following morning. "I did expect mother and Emily would have had some money for me, and that wretched tailor vows he won't wait longer than till January for his money. I'll ask June Quincey this very day. What's the use of waiting, anyhow? I'm pretty sure June likes me."

June wasn't in the drawing-room when he entered; but a strangely familiar looking little old lady sat comfortably by the window, and an immense silver snuff-box lay beside her.

While Mr. Brompton, not having returned her good-humored nod, was wondering how on earth *she* came *there*, June entered, the radiance of morning in her face, and a rare splendor in her eyes.

"My aunt, Mrs. Mebber, Mr. Brompton," she said, with a little haughty gesture toward the lady in the snuff-colored dress.

"I seen Mr. Brompton yesterday on the cars, June, dear," the old lady said, gathering herself up for the occasion and bowing ceremoniously, "and he was dreffnl perlite to me."

A malicious twinkle of her little black eyes accompanied this astounding declaration, and made Mr. Howard Brompton fairly quiver in his boots.

"If I'd a known it was Mr. Brompton, though," she went on, "we'd a been more sociable like than we was. Why, I know his mother and sister like a book. Used to live up this way, but they live down to Swamptown now, you know, and take in sewin' for a livin'. But if I was you, young man," settling her glasses, and looking over them at him, with a steadfastness that made him wince, "I'd starve afore I'd let my mother and sister support me!"

"It seems it was your own story instead of Knight Tylney's that you told me, Mr. Brompton," June said, quietly.

That was the last drop. Mr. Howard Brompton sat mechanically wiping the perspiration that exuded from every pore of his face. He made most lugubrious attempts to smile blandly upon his persecutor, and hemmed and hawed with admirable effect. He glanced once at June Quincey's face. Every feature was lit with ineffable scorn; and muttering something about a forgotten engagement elsewhere, Mr. Howard Brompton got himself out of the room in some inexplicable manner, and was seen no more in that vicinity for a long time to come.

"Halloo, Tylney! this isn't you back again?" exclaimed Dick Carter, collaring Knight Tylney, as he came off the train that had just crashed wheezily into the depot, where he had been kicking his heels the last half hour.

Tylney smiled as he returned his friend's cordial greeting.

"I believe it is I. I shall only be in town part of a day, however. I had to come down to attend to a matter of business that won't occupy me long."

"You'll come up to the house a while? Oh, you must! The girls will be crazy to see you; and we're holding watch, you know."

"Holding what?"

"Watch night—don't you know? It's the first of January to-morrow, and we're going—a lot of us—to watch the old year out and the new one in. You'll come?"

Carter would not take no for an answer, and the end of it was that Tylney went with him, repeating inwardly all the way:

"Of course, I don't expect to see June."

But he did expect or hope it, and was proportionably disappointed, though he would not confess it to himself, when he got there and saw her nowhere among the gay beauties that immediately thronged in a welcome cluster about him.

"You're just in time, Mr. Tylney," said Fanny Carter, with a nod at the clock, which was fast approaching the last quarter before twelve. "We're going to have a lottery, you know."

"Ah?" Knight Tylney said, his glance still searching the groups beyond for the gleam of the only pair of eyes in the world for him. Dick laughed.

"It's a game Fan here has fished out of antediluviandom, something our grandmothers used to do. They called it Luck, though, and I like that name better than Fan's."

Tylney made an effort to listen politely, while Dick went on:

"You see, the idea is, that that moment of time in which the Old Year dies and the New one is born, holds the luck of the coming year. So at a quarter to twelve they turn us all into a dark room, put a bond of silence upon us, and we stay there without communicating with one another, till the clock begins to strike, when we choose partners according to the best of our ability under the circumstances, and as the last stroke dies away, bring our various acquisitions to the light, to see what the luck is. And here we go now—there's the quarter."

With a deal of hubbub and flutter the gay party adjourned to the next room, which was dark enough to answer all purposes.

For the first five minutes suppressed titters broke the silence; but gradually, as all waited for the stroke of twelve, which never had been so long in coming before, a hush fell upon them almost like awe.

It came at last—one, two, three, four, &c., and a muffled stir rose in the dark room. I dare say there were some foolish little hearts that put implicit faith in this attempted peep into the book of fate, and looked in breathless suspense to see what "Luck" the light would disclose theirs to be.

Knight Tylney, upon entering the fateful room, had passed immediately to the opposite side of the apartment, standing as it chanced near a door, which presently he was conscious opened, and he felt the flutter of some light robe past him. The familiar scent of violets too came to him, and involuntarily he slipped after the form. She, whoever it was whom he had followed, must have been conscious of his presence, but she gave no sign, and all remained so silent in the room for the next fifteen minutes, that he would have concluded himself alone but for that breath of violets on the air. He resorted to a little artifice. Opening the door, he made a movement as though passing through, and closed it again. In a moment he felt a warm breath almost upon his cheek, and a soft little touch encountered his. His hand closed upon it instantly, and his heart leaped as he half fancied he recognized the slender, tremulous fingers. She struggled a little, but as if conscious how vain it was, was quiet again soon, and they stood so some moments, and presently the clock struck.

Opening the door a little, Knight let a glimmer of light fall upon the face beside him. It was June Quincey's!

"Oh, Knight!" she exclaimed, in a panic, but she looked glad, and forgetting or ignoring the past, Knight Tylney saw something in her eyes that emboldened him to repeat suddenly that question he had once asked in vain.

But this time she said:

"Yes, Knight, if you can forgive me when you know all."

Of course he could, and did.

THE FAMILY SECRET.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WARNING VOICE," "THE WHITE TERROR," "THE LOST DEEDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE STEWARD AND HIS PRISONERS.

Lucia sat as one stunned by the revelation which had been made to her. She looked up vaguely and asked:

"Have you discovered anything? Could you detect the place through which the steward entered?"

"No—I discovered nothing. The walls seem as solid as this floor, yet he must have passed through some aperture in them. We must seek that until we find it, Lucia, for it is the only avenue of escape."

She shook her head despondingly.

"We shall never find it, Sister. We shall perish here, unless I consent to what would be far worse than death, if my own life only were at stake. But I have no right to keep you in this dreadful place when I can give you freedom by the sacrifice of myself."

The nun sat down beside her and impressively said:

"Put me entirely out of the question, Lucia, for if you were liberated to-morrow on the terms proposed by Baldoni, he would secure *my* silence by other means than those of which he spoke."

The listener shuddered, and asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a man so lost to feeling and principle as Baldoni is, will never rest satisfied till he has rendered it *impossible* for me to betray him. He would at once destroy us both, but for the hope that you will ultimately consent to become his wife."

"What then shall we do?"

"We must keep that hope alive by demanding another and another week for decision, and live on here as we may, cherishing the belief that God will send us help. He will never forsake so faithful a servant to humanity as I have been, nor a young and innocent creature like yourself, whose greatest desire is to do good to others. Yes—I feel the assurance that we shall yet be rescued, though we may watch for deliverance through many weary days of suffering and doubt. Remember what I now say to you, and let it sustain you when despondency dims my faith, as it often does that of the most trusting."

Lucia arose and threw herself in her arms.

"I promise to do so, beloved friend. We will strengthen each other for the trials before us, and await God's own good time for deliverance. I feel that it will be better to perish in darkness than become that miserable and degraded thing, the wife of so lost a wretch as we know Baldoni to be. Teach me to bear my lot in patience, Sister, that I may not faint or falter in my refusal. I will have faith in your predictions, for that alone can sustain me. We will hourly pray for rescue, and even from this dreary prison the angels of mercy will waft our petitions to the throne of the Most High."

The nun kissed her, and almost cheerfully replied:

"That is the right spirit, my child. Let us set our house in order and keep our lamp trimmed till the deliverer comes."

They then endeavored to while away a few moments in looking over the garments Baldoni had brought with him, and in arranging their fresh supply of food. The books were a precious

acquisition; they belonged to the nun, and Lucia read aloud from them many hours.

Another week passed, which seemed to the captives almost a century as its slow revolving hours rolled around. As accurate an account of time as was possible to persons situated as they were was kept, but it was chiefly measured by the diminution of the oil in their can, and again the fear of darkness fell upon them.

A constant watch was kept for the last twenty-four hours upon the outer room, in the hope that the steward would appear before their lamp expired. But he was far too wary for that. Resolved to penetrate the mystery of his entrance, if it were possible to do so, both the nun and Lucia stationed themselves in the outer apartment and awaited in breathless suspense the arrival of their jailer.

Several hours of expectation passed away; every sense was strained to detect his approaching footsteps, but no indication was given. Suddenly Lucia pressed the hand of Sister Maria, and breathlessly whispered:

"Some one is near me, I am sure of it, for I felt the air vibrate as if something was flitting past me."

A hoarse laugh answered the tones of her voice, and in another moment a light was struck and applied to the lamp Baldoni carried. The flame flared up, revealing the solid walls and the repulsive face of the steward glaring on them within a few feet of the spot on which they sat. As before, he had brought with him a basket filled with such articles as he had hitherto furnished them; and after leering at them a moment he harshly said:

"I suspected some such ruse as this, and provided against it. I wouldn't advise you to be found in this room again when I come down, lest it should prove my last visit, which wouldn't be the best thing for you, my fair prisoners. Come with me into your own den and empty the basket, for I have little time to fool away here."

They followed him into the inner vault, and while the nun removed the things from the basket, he turned to Lucia and asked:

"Are you reconciled to your subterranean home, or will you consent to come out on the terms I offered?"

"I have not yet made up my mind," she replied, as calmly as she could. "It is a momentous question to decide, and I must have more time."

"Oh, as to that, you can stay here as long as it suits you; I am not in a hurry. You are safe enough, and when your claims have been put forward and established, it will be time enough to bring you to the light of day again. All I wish you to understand is, that only through *me* can you ever hope for release. Your fate is absolutely in my power, and I am as unbending as iron."

"I fully understand that, but God is more powerful than you. He may yet circumvent you, and give me back my freedom without any aid from you."

"Well, if you can console yourself by such dreams, you are perfectly welcome to do so. They must end some time, in the conviction that you must accept my hand, or——you understand the alternative."

She bowed, and Baldoni prepared to depart. He rudely said as he closed the door:

"I carry a pistol ready cocked in my bosom, and the next time I come hither and hear a sound in the next cavern, I will fire it in the direction it comes from. You are warned now, and if either of you get killed it will be your own fault."

The door swung too and he was gone.

Days, weeks, months passed away, only varied by the weekly visit of the steward. At first Sister Maria sought to beguile the time and rekindle hope by recurring to her palmistry, which she had hitherto refused to exercise on Lucia's behalf; but now she perused the lines of her hand day after day, dwelling on the promise she found in them that, after many crosses and trials, a happy and useful life would succeed them.

Gradually even this failed to reassure her, and a dull apathy seemed to settle over her mind. Lucia began to feel as if she must go mad if this dreary monotony continued much longer; yet her aversion to Baldoni increased with each visit he made.

Many times he urged her with an appearance of passionate fervor to become his wife and end her cruel captivity. As time passed on he seemed to become more earnest in his desire to win her consent; but she still prayed to Heaven for strength to resist his entreaties, and repeated her refusal.

More than once were they made to suffer for want of food; but when they thought the hour of immolation had arrived Baldoni again appeared bearing the meagre portion on which two lives were sustained. The steward had changed his tactics now, and he only used persuasions and protestations of devotion to overcome the resistance of Lucia; but to them all she was immovable. The failing nun strengthened her in her resolution never to give him her hand; and with rage Baldoni felt that, helpless and hopeless as they were, these two women possessed a power of resistance which might baffle him yet.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WILY TEMPTRESS.

The remains of the youthful Marchesa of Colonna were consigned to the tomb with every mark of respect, and Pepita was permitted to appear at the obsequies as one of the chief mourners for her victim.

On his arrival in Palermo the Marquis sought a distant relative of his own, an old lady who lived in seclusion in a handsome villa situated in a beautiful portion of the Golden Shell. He asked Senora Vanelli protection for the steward's daughter till he could bring about a reconciliation between Pepita and her father. This was readily granted, for the recluse was fond of young society, though she could seldom attract it to her quiet house. When she was presented to her new protectress, the fair face of the wily girl found favor in her sight, and Pepita soon rendered herself almost as indispensable to the infirm old lady as she had lately been to the deceased Marchesa.

When her kinsman made his daily call, Senora Vanelli was never tired of descanting on the charming traits of the companion he had brought her, and she declared her intention to keep Pepita with her altogether if she would consent to remain.

This unprincipled girl, with her subdued manner, her tender sympathy, and grateful warmth of expression, was a most dangerous object of contemplation to a man situated as the young Marquis was. His wounded heart sought for consolation, and the desolation to which he was left through his recent bereavements caused him to cling to any creature who offered him the affectionate sympathy his nature craved.

The true history of Lucia's betrothal to his father had never been permitted to reach him, and he thought of her with a sick feeling of disgust which he believed to be a most effectual panacea for the love he had once felt for her.

One morning the Marquis came to the villa at an early hour and requested to see Pepita. She came in dressed in most becoming half mourning; and after greeting him she said, with an appearance of much agitation:

"I can divine what brought you hither. You have heard from my father, and you come perhaps to tell me that he is inexorable; that he refuses to receive me again unless I do violence to my own heart by accepting the addresses of Santani."

"Quiet your fears, dear Pepita. Your father is far more placable than I hoped. He has evidently suffered so much from his separation from you that he is glad to welcome you back to his arms again almost on your own terms. It is true that he still clings to the hope that you will ultimately consent to wed Santani; but he loves you too much to force a distasteful suitor upon your acceptance. And now, dear girl, permit me to ask you one question. Have you not encouraged this young man for a long time to hope for final success with you? He is rich, intelligent, and I believe he will make you a most tender and devoted husband."

Pepita burst in tears. She passionately exclaimed:

"This from *you!* Oh, Vittorio, why reproach me for the wrong I committed against Santani while I was ignorant of my own heart. Once I thought I could love and marry him; but when my true hero appeared, he became odious in my sight. No—no, *you* should not ask me to accept Santani; from anyone else I could better bear mediation in the cause of another."

But one construction could be put upon her words, and the heart of the Marquis beat thick and fast with the emotions they aroused. He forgot his rank, his pride of caste, and thought only of the beautiful syren before him who avowed her preference for himself in so unequivocal a manner. Flattered, bewildered, charmed, he spoke in low smothered tones born of the varied emotions that warred in his bosom:

"Pepita, do I understand you aright? Has a long cherished preference for me stood in the way of your advantageous settlement in life? If such is the case, I shall feel bound to—to——"

He paused; for, strongly as he was attracted toward her, he yet hesitated to make her an offer of his hand so soon after the death of the lovely being he had lost. Pepita buried her face in her hands and wept more bitterly than before.

"No—no," she sobbed. "You are bound by nothing. My own foolish heart betrayed me, and you were not to blame. But even when I consented to further your union with the false Lucia, I felt that I was sacrificing my own happiness to secure yours. I have been unselfish toward you, Vittorio. I rejoiced when I heard of your marriage with the angel who is gone, for I felt sure she would make you happier than Lucia ever could have done. I yearned to behold your wife, to see you once more, and it was that feeling which led me to Paris. I thought then that I had conquered my unfortunate attachment; that I could behold the happiness of yourself and Lady Venetia without the jealous pangs I should have felt had Lucia been your wife. I was weaker than I thought, but what I suffered I will not now dwell on. You can bear witness to my devotion to your wife, and I forced myself to be contented to bask in the sunshine of your joy. But can you blame me, Vittorio, if my heart has gone back to its old allegiance in the weeks of unrestrained intercourse which have passed since her death? I know it is wrong and indelicate to speak thus to you; but my heart will break if I do not lay bare its sufferings to him who has innocently caused them; who has increased them by coming to me as the intercessor of another."

Such a tempest of sobs closed this unwomanly revelation, that the Marquis could do nothing less than attempt to soothe her into calmness. Flattered, bewildered, fascinated by the frank avowal she had made, believing implicitly in her sincerity, Vittorio forgot everything but the charming being who professed to have loved him even while his heart was devoted to another. That other had proved faithless, but here was the sterling gold which was to repay him for all he had suffered. In such a crisis as this, he could not pause to deliberate on his course; it lay plain enough before him, and he gravely, and gently said:

"I am most grateful to you, dear Pepita, for the preference you have accorded me, and when the time arrives in which I can honorably seek one to console me for the loss I so recently sustained, I need scarcely say that you alone will be the object sought. With the ashes of my late wife scarcely cold in their grave, I cannot woo a successor. But the time for that will come; a year hence I may demand your hand of your father, and take to my desolate home a new mistress."

Pepita stilled the exultant bound of her heart, and deprecatingly said:

"Ah Vittorio, you will not dare so far to violate your pride of caste, as to take to your heart the humble steward's daughter. No noble blood flows in my veins. I am but a daughter of the people, and those of your own rank will reproach you for making so sad a misalliance. Think of all these things, dear Vittorio, and if your pride should yet recoil from the sacrifice you are ready to make in return for my adoring love, you are free to retract from the pledge you have just given. Your hand must be a free, and voluntary gift, sanctioned by the judgment of your heart, or I will never consent to accept it."

"My mother was also a daughter of the people, and the blood of Baldoni is as noble as that of the Ganazzi," he proudly replied. "The woman I choose as my wife, and elevate to the rank of Marchesa of Colonna, is as worthy of the station as if the blood of the Cæsars coursed in her veins. Dearest Pepita, still be to me the consoling angel you have proved in my late afflictions, and my sorely wounded heart will cling to you as tenderly as I once fancied it did to the false one who won my first affections. We will continue to be the most faithful of friends while my mourning lasts; and in that time, learn to value the best traits of each other before we pronounce the irrevocable vows that will bind us together for life."

Wearing a most bewitching expression of shyness and happiness, Pepita replied:

"Oh Vittorio! this joy is too great for me, and I feel myself unworthy of it. To become yours—to possess the privilege of being always near you, is such ineffable bliss, even in anticipation, that I am overwhelmed by it."

The consummate actress sunk back as if swooning with the intoxicating sense of happiness that swelled her bosom, and her eyes sought his with an expression of melting tenderness which went straight to his susceptible heart.

The Marquis took her in his arms, pressed his lips upon her cheek, and brow, and uttered such words as the occasion seemed to demand. Under the spell of Pepita's blandishments he seemed to have no will of his own. He felt compelled to act as she desired; to obey the magnetic power she held over him, and she felt with exultation, that she had at last established over him so strong an influence that struggle as he would, he could now never escape her. She at length released herself from his embrace, and said:

"I understand fully that this is no betrothal, Vittorio; for the dread voice of the world would condemn us both if we dreamed of such a thing as yet. But we are as strongly bound to each other by what has just passed, as if the church had sanctioned our vows. I hold myself bound, and so, I am sure, do you. Give me the ring you wear as a token of your fidelity, that I may gaze on it in solitude, and feel the sweet assurance that this is not all a dream. I may be forgiven for doubting the reality of the happiness which has so unexpectedly dawned upon me."

The Marquis still wore a plain circlet of gold upon his fourth finger, which Pepita knew had once belonged to Lucia. It was the only link that bound him to her, and he had not yet summoned courage to remove it, because the hapless girl had requested him to wear it till they met again. He slightly changed color at Pepita's request, and muttering some inaudible words, drew the ring off and dashed it through an open window. Turning to her, he then said:

"It is the last symbol of my infatuation, and no fitting gift for you, Pepita. When I visit you to-morrow, I will bring you one more worthy the acceptance of the future Marchesa of Colonna."

"Ah! I understand; it was *hers*—the treacherous and false one. You are right, my Vittorio; that ring should not be worn by her who will be faithful to you till death."

Her head sunk upon his breast—her breath fanned his cheek—and the flattered young man felt that life was no longer a blank. Such love as this must console him for all he had lost, and still make the future bright and beautiful. When he at last arose to leave her, he said:

"I will write to your father at once, and confide our secret to him. In the new and more brilliant prospects which have dawned on you, he will be consoled for your refusal of Santani. Poor fellow! I can afford to sympathize with his loss, when the bright gem he wished to appropriate will shed its lustre on my future."

She raised her love-beaming eyes to his, and softly replied:

"I too will write, and humble myself to implore my father's forgiveness for my escapade. He loves you, Vittorio, and he will be greatly elated by the information that his naughty child has achieved so noble a conquest as his young master. I shall owe everything to you, my beloved, and I rejoice that such is the case. I seek to be nothing, to have nothing, save through you—my hero, my conqueror, my king!"

Every man is susceptible to flattery, and the Marquis of Colonna was no exception to his kind. He accepted the sweet incense thus freely offered with an elation of feeling which he mistook for love. He forgave Pepita's lack of delicacy in consideration of her passion for himself, and was blind to the fact that he had been artfully entrapped into binding himself to her in bonds which might yet become shackles of iron to him, eating into his heart of hearts, and rusting there.

Vittorio had scarcely left her, when the temptress seized a pen, and dashed off the following lines to her father:

"Eureka! the game is played, and won! Scarcely a month has elapsed since the Marchesa was laid in her grave, and already Vittorio is mine!

"I have just parted from him, and he is pledged to me by every tie that can bind an honorable man. I have no fear of losing him now; but it is best to reserve explanations till we meet. So soon as you write to him that I am forgiven—that I may return to the shelter of your roof—I will come back in triumph, bearing with me the rich spoil I have secured through my own will and power.

"In an another year you will behold me reigning over Colonna as its lawful mistress, and your highest hopes for me be fulfilled.

"The latest accounts from the Marquis of Amalfi state that he is in a condition of hopeless madness; so all fear from that quarter is at rest. But of these affairs we will speak when we meet, as letters are sometimes unsafe repositories for family secrets.

"Vittorio will send this to you in the same envelope with his petition for my restoration to your favor in the character of his future wife. Poor Santani! I have made good use of his name, but he will never know it. Yours, exultingly, PEPITA.

The letters were duly dispatched, and as soon as possible a reply to both arrived. Baldoni expressed his thanks to the young Marquis for his preference for his daughter, but set out at length every objection that could be brought forward against the marriage of his late master's son into his obscure family. He ended by declaring that nothing less than the conviction that Pepita's very life depended on their union, should ever induce him to consent to it. He insisted that the young nobleman should maturely weigh all his arguments; but if he still persisted in his intention to wed his daughter, he should be the proudest and happiest of men to welcome him as his son-in-law.

To Pepita he wrote tenderly and forgivingly, and entreated her to return at once to his protection. He could no longer bear to be separated from her, and he pledged himself that no reproach should greet her for her evasion.

With eyes swimming in tears, Pepita read this hypocritical effusion to the Marquis, and he marvelled that until of late he had never suspected the deep sensibility with which she was endowed.

Preparations for an immediate return to Catania were made; Senora Vanelli reluctantly consented to part from her companion for a season, and exacted from her a promise to visit her again before the year expired. A female attendant was engaged to accompany Pepita and the Marquis, with one servant, and the two women, embarked for Catania.

The voyage was delightful; the weather deliciously soft, with just enough breeze to carry the light vessel through the water without producing the nausea of sea-sickness. The Marquis and Pepita spent the days together beneath an awning spread on deck for their accommodation, and the enchantress flattered him so deftly that the deluded young man actually began to think her love worth all that had been hitherto lavished on him. The devotion of Lucia—the tender adoration of his lost wife, sunk into insignificance in contrast with the passionate attachment she professed to feel for him.

In this pleasant hallucination he journeyed on, hour by hour becoming more deeply enthralled by the fascinations of his companion. After a successful voyage the vessel entered the port of Catania, which showed the fearful ravages of the late convulsion. More than half the town was destroyed, and many of the inhabitants had been buried beneath the ruins of their houses.

Baldoni was there awaiting their arrival, and on meeting, a most effective scene was enacted between father and daughter for the benefit of the Marquis. He had brought with him one of the carriages from Colonna, and in it the party immediately set out for that place.

Toward sunset Vittorio came in sight of the ruins of his once stately home, and with a painful contraction of the heart, the young heir looked upon the shattered walls in which his father had met so sad a fate. He insisted on alighting, and walking round the place, though he promised the steward to be at his cottage in time for supper. An apartment had been prepared for him there, which it was understood he was to occupy till the repairs going on at the castle were completed.

With many conflicting emotions, the Marquis wandered through the grounds he had last seen blooming in beauty. He stood upon the broken threshold, and looked with saddened heart upon the desolation which reigned where order and peace had so lately dwelt.

The massive walls, broken and crushed in places, still stood—the rubbish had been cleared away, and the builders had already made some progress toward the restoration of the pile to its pristine grandeur. He thought of the false and mercenary being who he believed had been ready to barter herself to become the mistress of that stately home, and the gall of bitterness was in his heart as her image arose before him in its young beauty.

Then came the memory of the fair bride he had hoped to install there, now lying in her marble sarcophagus, cold and stony as itself, and last of all, the living tide of love and passion that swelled the wild heart of his latest love, came as a soothing balm to his wounded and sorrowful spirit.

Ah! if he could only have looked beneath the fair surface; have sounded the depths of that remorseless nature, how would he have recoiled from the baneful consolation she offered to his acceptance.

When he turned from this melancholy survey, and again sought Pepita, all her blandishments were necessary to bring back smiles to his lips or light to his eyes. The spell of the past was upon him, and the memory of the father who had so fondly loved him, subdued his spirits till he could have wept for him, as well as for the outraged dream of love which arose before him clothed in its first radiant hues of perfect trust.

While he lingered near the home once consecrated by Lucia's presence, the brief happiness of that time had been lived over again, and with bitter contempt for his own weakness, he felt that if she stood before him, called his name in her old accents of affection, he would turn from the enchantress who held him in her subtle bonds, and clasping his first love to his heart, cast into oblivion all his wrongs if she would only consent to deceive him as sweetly as she had once done.

With that deep intuition which was one of Pepita's characteristics, she read what was passing in his mind, and bitterly resented it; but she decked her face in smiles, modulated her voice to its most seductive tones, and charmed him so deftly that the cloud gradually cleared from his brow. When supper was over he found opportunity to whisper:

"I have been thinking over the past; regretting much of it, Pepita; but I will sin against you in that way, no more. Your devotion merits a better return from me."

She raised her eyes, dewy with emotion, and replied in the same tone:

"It was natural and right. Take time to bury your regrets, Vittorio, I shall not prove too exacting. Our horizon will be all the brighter when the illusions which have misled you are cleared away."

He pressed her hand to his lips, and turned toward Baldoni, who invited him to a private conference in his own apartment. When they were seated beside a table covered with papers the steward gravely said:

"I have prepared my accounts for your inspection, my lord, and we can look over them together, whenever you please. Everything has been kept in the strictest order, and you will have no difficulty in understanding them."

The Marquis waved his hand impatiently.

"I have implicit confidence in your integrity, Baldoni, and there is little need of such an inspection just now. I am unfit for business to-night. Some other time will answer as well, when I am less occupied with other thoughts."

"Excuse me, my lord, I did not summon you hither to-night for that purpose, for I am aware that a man just off a journey does not feel like examining into business affairs. I merely wished to inform you that I am ready for you whenever you wish to look into them."

"Why then have you asked to see me alone?"

"To place in your hands a sacred deposit confided to me by your late father. You received the key of the casket, and in it, I presume, will be found the clue to the family secret."

All Vittorio's listlessness vanished; he was at once vividly interested, and his cheeks flushed as he replied:

"The last communication I ever received from my father's hand enclosed the key of which you speak. Since then, I have carried it constantly about my person. I feared that the casket had been destroyed in the wreck at the castle till you wrote to assure me that it had been saved. Of late, I have thought little about it; in the treasure chamber I shall find nothing but gold, and of that I already have more than should fall to the share of one man."

"It may contain other things of more importance, my lord; we do not know what may have been concealed there during so long a period of time as it is known to have existed."

"It may be so; here is the key," and he produced the shining cube of steel, fashioned by Baldoni, secured by a fine chain of gold, which was passed around his neck. "You have the casket here, I presume; produce it, and let us examine its contents."

"Together, my lord? Remember that this secret has hitherto been held sacred in your family. From father to son it has alone been transmitted, and I do not wish to pry into what does not belong to my province."

"You are over fastidious, Baldoni. I am the last of my family; and you, as the father of my future wife, have as much interest in this as I possess. If I should hereafter have a son to transmit this mystery to, he will not murmur that his grandfather was made aware of the entrance to the treasure chamber."

"Then you are resolved to make my daughter your wife in spite of all I have urged to show you the disadvantage of such a misalliance to a man of your rank," said the wily schemer.

"I am pledged to Pepita, sacredly, and I shall not break faith with her; let that suffice. The men of my race have never yet broken a promise they have given, and in this my happiness as well as that of your daughter is involved."

Baldoni grasped his hand with great apparent feeling, and warmly said:

"Spoken like the true and honorable son of your noble father. I am the proudest and happiest man in this island, in knowing that my child has won the love of such a heart as yours."

"There—there; that will do, Baldoni. We did not come here to make fine speeches to each other, but to attend to business. Produce the casket, and let us see what it contains."

The steward opened an iron chest, and took from it a small oval box, bound with steel bands, and placed it on the table before him. The Marquis tried the key he held in his hands, but it refused to open the lock. He said:

"Time must have rusted the lock; the key refuses to turn."

"Let me try, my lord," said Baldoni, with perfect self-possession. "Remove the key from the chain, and give it to me. I saw your father open it on the day he deposited the paper of directions in it, and I may be able to unclose it for you."

Perfectly unsuspicious, his companion detached the key and placed it in his hand. At that moment Pepita slightly unclosed the door, and laughingly said she came to remonstrate against business being transacted on that first night of his return. Vittorio turned his face toward her, and replied that he would soon rejoin her in the sitting-room.

The diversion thus purposely made enabled the steward to exchange the key for the one in his possession, and when the Marquis again turned toward the table the casket lay open before him. The jewels Pepita had declared her intention of appropriating had been restored, for she now felt assured they would legitimately become her own. Above them lay the diagram of which such unscrupulous use had already been made. With deep interest the young heir examined it, and then said:

"This is so clearly drawn that there can be little difficulty in tracing the route, if the late earthquake has not blocked it up. To-morrow we will ascertain that, for you must accompany me in my explorations. I shall not venture to go alone through the subterranean alley which leads to the chamber."

"Perhaps it will be safer to have some one with you, my lord, and I am now as deeply interested in preserving the secret as you can be. I shall hold myself in readiness to accompany you to the spot at any hour you may name."

"We will go at twilight, after the workmen have left the place, as I do not wish any one to be aware that such a visit has been made. Those gems were my mother's—I remember them well, and I leave them here as a present to Pepita. When the time for her to wear them arrives, they will become her well."

"My daughter will be delighted with your munificence, for, like the most of her sex, she is fond of finery," replied Baldoni, with a grim smile of satisfaction.

Vittorio lifted the sparkling gems, and held them to the light. He recalled the fair image of his mother, adorned with them on many occasions, and faintly smiled, as he said:

"They have been worn by one noble and true woman, who was raised by love from an humble to a high position; and she who will succeed her is worthy to possess them, though, like her, she claims no titled ancestry. I appreciate your daughter as highly, Baldoni, as my father did her he chose from the people as his helpmate."

"Thank you, my son—for such I may now call you," replied the steward, grasping his hand strongly. "I deeply feel the honor you have conferred upon us, and I may now say that Pepita will not come to you a portionless bride."

"Endow her as you will, it is herself alone I seek to win. The death of my poor brother, followed so quickly by that of my father, have given me more than I cared to possess. What you have to give, settle on Pepita herself; your hard earned gains must not go to swell my already too full coffers."

"You are generous, my lord, but it shall be as you wish."

The Marquis arose as if tired of the conversation; he locked the casket after removing the jewels, and replaced the key upon its guard. Baldoni returned it with the diamonds to his iron chest, and the two rejoined Pepita.

A quick glance of intelligence passed between the father and daughter, and she was assured that her opportune interruption had secured the exchange of the keys without observation from her lover.

She enticed him into the bright moonlight that shone without, and for an hour they wandered through the well-known paths talking of the past.

Pepita pretended to give her companion a minute history of what had occurred at the castle after his departure, and she managed to place Lucia in the most odious light before him. Her reluctance to wed his father was not once alluded to, and she unblushingly asserted that Lucia had shewn the most violent chagrin and disappointment when the news of his brother's sudden death deferred the marriage which was to lift her so far above the sphere in which fate had placed her.

At the close of her recital the Marquis bitterly said:

"I am glad she is no longer here. I could not bear again to look upon her and remember what she once was to me."

"I too am glad, for she has infinite art, and she might again throw her spells around you. But, thank Heaven! she is by this time safe in New York with her father, and all we have to do is to forget her existence and be happy with each other."

To this Vittorio replied by some tender words, though at the moment his heart was writhing with a sense of the hollowness of everything on earth, since that apparently gentle and ingenuous nature could be capable of such deceit and treachery as were imputed to the unfortunate Lucia.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Interesting Facts Concerning the Centipede.

I suppose that most of those who live in the country have made the acquaintance, more or less intimate, with a family of insects called *centipedes*. They are a curious family, and worth a little attention. The centipedes who live in the United States—certainly the Northern States—are, for the most part, harmless, I believe. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies and other warm climates. In these places the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. I confess that I never was a great friend of the insect. Though taught to consider him quite an innocent sort of bully, I never could divest myself of the suspicion that if he were thoroughly provoked, he would bite. Like some other animals, his appearance is against him. Many a time, when I have turned over a stone in the garden, or dug up an old and decayed stump in the woods, and one of these insects has scampered out, I have run as if forty snakes were after me. They are quite ready to stand on the defensive sometimes, when they are attacked, and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite, as you may well suppose, renders them rather troublesome bed-fellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper, over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp pointed feet and claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated if the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed. The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not unfrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution. Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man, who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.

—"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

—For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

UNA—OUR SISTER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She hath caught the far splendor,
She hath heard the low, tender,
Melodious warble at heaven's high gate;
And she saith—"I am weary,
The night falleth dreary,
Dear Saviour, that loves me,
I know Thou dost wait—
I know Thou dost wait in the Valley of Shadow,
By the River that flows past The Beautiful Gate!"

Her babe on her bosom—
(Poor, pale little blossom!)
We folded her hands in a solemn repose;
Then fell we a-weeping
O'er her visionless sleeping,
As the long, heavy night-watches drew to a close.
Yea, with the red warning
Of the beautiful morning,
We left her with Death, in a solemn repose.

Their starry young splendor
The Maytides' surrender,
At the white feet of the Beautiful, June;
But the wild birdlings warble
Above *her* pale marble,
Where roses lie faint, in the lap of the Noon;
Or the silver-tongued showers
Sing low to the flowers
Asleep *on her grave* in the gleam of the Moon.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In his cabinet, at Fontainebleau, Napoleon the First is standing with his arms folded across his breast, his head dropped upon his chest, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, though he sees nothing that belongs to this world. His face is deadly pale, his lips are compressed, his brows are contracted. Ten thousand clashing thoughts are flashing across his active brain. He is summing up the past of a wondrous life, debating a terrible present, reaching orward into an awful future—all this in one maddening whirl, that, in a lesser genius, would dethrone reason. A terrible crisis is upon him—the moments are big with fate—it is life or death now! He who has made thrones totter and princes tremble, is now quaking in his own soul. The outward signs of his purturbation are not many; but the ashy, quivering lip, the fixed, abstracted gaze, and the large beads of perspiration standing on his features, tell much of his deep and painful emotions.

At length, with a groan—of mental, not of physical, agony—he starts, stamps his foot violently, glances quickly and fiercely around him, and exclaims:

"Is this the end of all? Have I only reached such a hight to fall to such a depth? Must my friends desert and my enemies triumph? Have I only raised men to greatness and power that they may crush me? Bah! what a world it is! He whom destiny makes its master, in the end becomes the slave of chance!"

He steps forward and rings his bell with an impatient jerk.

"Admit the prince!" is his order to the attendant.

As the prince enters, the emperor throws himself into one seat and points to another.

"I have bad news, my friend," says Napoleon, abruptly.

"I am sorry to hear it, though I can well credit it, Sire."

"The Duke of Vincenza has just returned from his interview with the Emperor Alexander."

"Yes, Sire."

"Everything is against us. The Emperor sends me word that my only hope is in immediate abdication in favor of my son."

The listener is silent.

"You do not speak, Prince!" cries Napoleon, with a glance of fire.

"Because, Sire, I have no consolation to offer."

"Ha! has it gone so far?"

"I fear it has, Sire."

"You saw the troops on parade in the White Horse Court this morning?"

"I did, Sire."

"You remarked their enthusiasm?"

"Would to Heaven the whole army were like them!"

"Is it not, then?"

"Alas! no, Sire."

"Your gloomy words correspond with the report Vincenza brought me from Paris!" sighs Napoleon.

There is a long pause, and the emperor becomes lost in a painful revery.

"May I venture to disturb your Majesty?" at length observes the prince, in a tone of some embarrassment.

Napoleon lifts his head and stares at the speaker.

"Pardon me, if I seem in haste to intrude unpleasant things upon your Majesty," pursues the other, with blushing hesitation; "but this is a critical time, and every moment is too precious to be wasted."

"Well?"

Napoleon speaks this single word as an angry soldier bites his cartridge.

"I am here, Sire, to crave an immediate audience for your marshals," concludes the prince.

"More bad news, then!"

"I hope no worse than your Majesty has heard," evasively replies the other.

"Hardly worse!" returns the emperor, with a grim smile. "They shall have audience at once."

In a few minutes the apartment is filled with the highest military and civil officers under the crown of France. They are men of intelligence, courage and renown, who have borne themselves proudly in the presence of the greatest potentates in the world; but now they seem to shrink and cower before the eagle glance of that man of destiny.

"Well, my lords and gentlemen," says Napoleon, as he keenly surveys the brilliant, dazzling group, "you are here to make a demand, crave a boon, proclaim tidings, or bestow advice! Speak! I am prepared for anything."

There is a general hesitation—they exchange glances—no one seems to crave the office of spokesman. At length, pressed by the necessity of the case, under the keen, cold glance of the emperor, one ventures forward and stammers forth:

"We have come, your majesty, on a painful mission, but one which our duty to our emperor and our country compels us to perform. In this dark hour of trial for all who love France, we pray your majesty to believe our devotion to yourself and dynasty as deep and sincere as in the days of your majesty's happiest prosperity, and that only with heartfelt sorrow do we lift the vail which conceals from our sovereign the terrible truth! Sire, your friends are growing weak—your enemies are becoming powerful. If you would save your crown, you must instantly place it on the head of your son; there is no time for delay; this must be done at once—this day—this hour—or all is lost; at this price only is peace possible!"

"Am I, then, bereft of all power?" inquires Napoleon, with the stern look of despair. "Have we, then, no army to march on Paris and give our foes another lesson?"

"Alas, your majesty, it is even so! The army is fatigued, discouraged, disorganized, with great defection in its ranks; and to attempt to precipitate it on Paris, would not only cost thousands of lives, but lose us all!"

"As there is no alternative then," says Napoleon, in a sad, melancholy tone, his fiery eye softening and drooping, "there shall on my part be no delay."

He turns to a table, on which are paper, pen and ink, and with all the calm firmness which he can command, writes and signs his own abdication in favor of his son. This done, he reads it aloud to all present, and commands the Prince of Moskwa and the Dukes of Vincenza and Regusa, who are of the number, to bear it to Paris in all haste.

Soon the cabinet of the emperor is again cleared, and the ambitious but falling man of destiny is pacing it alone.

One hour, two hours pass, and Napoleon keeps his step and wheel with the regularity of a posted sentry.

A messenger is announced.

"Quick! conduct him hither!" cries Napoleon.

"Well, Gourauard? well?" he exclaims to the new-comer, whose face is pale and troubled.

"I have bad news, Sire!"

"Yes, yes, I believe it—it is the day for it!" almost groans the emperor. "But speak! you saw Marmont?"

"No, Sire, he had gone to Paris."

"Well?"



"It is reported he has deserted the standard of your majesty, and withdrawn his troops from the protection of Fontainebleau."

Napoleon stands speechless for a few moments, staring aghast at the speaker, his lips quivering and his hands working convulsively.

"*Scélérat!*" at length fairly hisses through his grinding teeth, and he flings himself upon a seat and buries his face in his hands.

Presently he looks up and motions Gourauard to retire.

When he is again alone, he draws a small, silken bag from his bosom, and surveys it with a strange, grim smile.

"Thank God," he murmurs, "I am still master of myself, if not of my fortune. Though all others desert, here is a friend which will stand by me till death!"

Strange man! There is something in the conceit that amuses him, and he laughs—laughs in that hour of trouble and humiliation—laughs while he is contemplating death by the hand of the suicide! for that silken bag, suspended from his neck and so preciously kept near his heart, contains poison, prepared for him before his retreat from Russia, that he might not fall alive into the hands of the terrible Cossacks.

The day passes away. It has been full of great surprises, alarms and excitements; but it goes out at last, and night takes up her reign.

Startling news from Paris. The imperial messengers have returned and are closeted with Napoleon. They tell him that his abdication has been made too late—the allies will not accept of it now. The latter are cognizant of the defection of Marmont, the lukewarmness of the army, the discouragement of the chiefs, and they now insolently demand the throne for the Bourbons as the only terms of peace.

"Let the marshals of France be summoned hither in all haste!" cries Napoleon.

There is much "hurrying to and fro," eager whisperings here and there, and a general expression of anxious gloom throughout the palace, as if there were something portentous in the very air.

To his military chiefs, thus hastily assembled again, Napoleon makes all known.

"You see, my lords," he adds, "these vultures crave all—they will not even let my son succeed me! Shall we tamely submit to this overwhelming humiliation, like cowards? or shall we rise in our might, like heroes, and drive them from the sacred soil of France? It is for you to say; my destiny is now in your hands; the fate of France depends on you!"

They do not immediately reply: their wonted enthusiasm is gone: they consult together—they debate—they hesitate. Napoleon watches their faces, and again despair settles upon his heart.

At length they falteringly tell him it will be madness to resist the demands of the Allies, because already the people are divided in opinion as to which dynasty ought now to occupy the throne, and unless the Bourbons be speedily and peacefully restored to power, the whole fair land will be deluged with the blood of her citizens.

"Enough!" cries Napoleon; "my choice is made! I love France too well to see her brought to grief for me or mine. No! better that we be sacrificed—crushed out of existence! But, my lords and gentlemen, there is one consideration more. Since we may not contend for supremacy in France, let us away to Italy, establish ourselves there, preserve her nationality, and make her a land of refuge for such of our unfortunate countrymen as the coming powers shall desire to persecute to the last extremity. What! silent all! I am answered then. For me and mine then there is no more hope. I bow to the decree of fate. Go, my lords, since you have no further need of me, and make terms with the Latin loving buffoon, Louis XVIII. and his foreign masters."

It is the dead of night after that eventful day, and Napoleon is tossing on his silken couch, burning up with thought. For hours he has rolled to and fro in such mental agony as few men might bear. He has outlived his hopes, and is ready to welcome death. By the ladder of ambition, round by round, he had mounted to the very pinnacle of fame; but his supports have given way, and he has fallen back to earth, a bruised and broken man.

"Why live and suffer, when it is so easy to die?" he at length mutters, his mind reverting to the poison still suspended around his neck and resting upon his throbbing heart. "France no longer needs me; and who knows but my death may place the crown upon the head of my son?"

With this one thought and hope his resolution is formed. He leaps from his bed, hurriedly mixes the mysterious contents of that silken bag with water, and swallows it all with a brief prayer for mercy.

Let the result be told in his own graphic words, years afterwards, to one of his friends in captivity.

"Time had deprived the poison of its virtue. Terrible pains snatched from me some groans. They were heard. Aid arrived. God willed I should not die then. St. Helena was in my destiny."

This was Napoleon's second attempt at suicide.

HUMAN JACKALS.

"*Dignity* of human nature!" The phrase is a stench in the nostrils of those who have experienced the full meaning of the words *prosperity* and *adversity*. He who has sat down even temporarily under the cloud of the latter, and counted on his fingers the residue of his "friends," smiles when this expression meets his ear. Did he not look right and left upon the retreating forms of those, who but a day or two before fawned at his feet, and elbowed each other to do him the greater honor. They who ate and drank at his table, who received from him the opportunities which ensure ease and independence, were they not the first to start the cry, away with him! Did they not hold up his honest deeds like vestments to the light, to discover in warp or woof some signs of deception or failure? And how did the hot flush of indignation dry up the quick-rising tears of sensibility at this sight! How cold and mistrustful grew his warm heart, toward his kind; in place of love came loathing contempt at the vile adders whose very existence was unknown to the day, till, gathering courage from the public exhibition of calumnious baseness, they too crept from their concealment and raised their small heads to hiss. Talk of the "dignity of human nature" to one who stands stunned with such a revelation of meanness as this! Hard enough were it in private life for a man to bear such defection, for loss of fortune, or the social position consequent upon it. What then "*when republics are ungrateful!*" What? when a man who has done his country noble service, has snatched from his executive hand the sword with which he is slaying its enemies, because some small souls would rather oppression should flourish, than that by a head and shoulders another man should be taller in the public eye than their own pigmy selves.

Yet there are those who have risen, and will rise, with untarnished honor, even above all this. Human adders may sting and hiss; the timidity and caution of "good men" may bar the path of progress equally with wickedness and malice; yet will the true patriot *one day* have his laurel crown.

"If the aloe waits an hundred years—
And God's times are so long indeed
For simple things, as flower and weed,
That gather only the light and gloom—
For what great treasures of joy and dole,
Of life and death, perchance, must the soul,
Ere it flower in heavenly peace, find room!"

FANNY FERN.

A FATAL ERROR.

"She is so fond of study," said a proud, unthinking mother of a bright little child of ten. "All night, in her sleep, she is saying over her arithmetic lessons; and the moment she is out of bed she is teasing for her breakfast, for fear she will be late at school. She will make a bright girl by-and-by," said the mother, smiling. *If she lives*, I replied. Were she my child, she should not see a book, or the inside of a school-room, for a year at least. She should have skates instead of grammar, and a boy's sled instead of geography; and when that unnatural look had gone out of her eyes, and her cheek had a tinge of color, and she relished her breakfast and slept sweetly as a child of her age ought, it would be quite time enough to talk of "school" again. The undertaker does not dig all the graves for little children; school-teachers help, encouraged by such mothers as you, who like to hear a little child of ten years say her arithmetic lessons in her sleep. You may think it a hard thing to say; but it is harder to weep remorseful tears over a little dead child.

FANNY FERN.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.

Hannah Snell was born at Worcester, England, in 1723. At twenty, being an orphan, she married a Dutch sailor, who soon abandoned her. Without any resources, she took the strange resolution of putting on male attire and enlisting as a soldier. After a few months, the arrival of a recruit from Worcester making her fear detection, she deserted, and enlisted as a marine on board one of the vessels of Admiral Boscawen's fleet, bound for the East Indies. She manifested her activity, presence of mind and courage during many tempests and in several engagements. At Pondicherry she was dangerously wounded, and to avoid discovery, extracted the ball herself. After having been exposed to many dangers, she returned to England, where her adventures soon became known. The government gave her a pension of £20. She ended her days in an inn, near Wapping.

—"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

—Standing water is unwholesome—so, too, is a standing debt.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KNOCKDOWN says that a lot of fellows in the village near which he lives were in the habit of laughing at him, and making fun of him, whenever he went to town with his "store clothes" on, and especially if he took a girl with him. "One day," he says, "I drove in with my horse and buggy, and having a girl with me who wanted to do some trading; and when I hitched my horse in front of the tavern, a lot of said chaps came up and began to make fun of me right before the girl. I said nothing, but helped her out of the buggy and took her into the store close by, and then I came back and pitched into the whole crowd and spoilt them and their store clothes pretty much. They were a lot of poor shotes, and couldn't fight more'n a lame gander, and so I had an easy time of it, although I 'spected when I began that the whole crowd would be too many for me; but I was determined to put an end to things one way or t'other. Since then they've let me alone; but some of my friends think that I did wrong to knock the spots out of 'em in the way I did, and that kind o' troubles me; so I thought I'd write to you and see what you'd say about it. Please let me know what your notion is, and much oblige me." According to your statement it seems that the impertinent young fellows needed a lesson of some kind, and as you did the best you could, under the circumstances, to improve their manners, they ought not to complain of your efforts in their behalf. Such idle young good-for-nothings ought not to be allowed to insult an honest, hard-working man like you, who earns his living honestly, and always minds his own business.

PUZZLED.—"Suppose," says this correspondent, "that a lady is engaged to be married to a gentleman who lives some distance from her, and that he calls to see her, and finds she has an engagement to ride out with another gentleman, should the lady keep the engagement, or should she break it in favor of her lover whom she could not expect to see for some time again? And further: If her lover, for the purpose of relieving her from the embarrassment in which she would be placed, should request her to keep her engagement to ride out with the other gentleman, would she be acting consistently in doing so?" Your last question, or the last half of your question, is rather meaningless, inasmuch as such a case as you refer to is not a matter of *consistency*, but of affection, choice and good-breeding. The controlling point or principle in every such case, so far as the gentlemen are concerned, is that of *gallantry*; and that demands that they should seek only the lady's comfort, gratification and happiness without regard to their own wishes. Let this be remembered, and no man need have any trouble as to *his* course in such a case. The lady, being thus left to do as she pleases, will naturally *do* what she would *rather* do; and if she would not rather make her excuses to the "other gentleman" and stay with her lover, the latter would certainly have good cause to doubt her affection for him. No lady would be apt to give up the society of a man whom she truly loved, under such circumstances as you mention, for that of a mere acquaintance.

1776.—Your notions of "the freedom of speech" need revising and reforming. That phrase refers primarily to political and religious discussion, and therefrom it derives all its significance. No intelligent person would ever think of applying it to social intercourse and matters thereunto appertaining, because there never has been any despotism exercised in such matters, except by unwise parents. When a company of ladies and gentlemen get together for amusement, they do not consider themselves as likely to call one another names, or to indulge in personal censure or unkind criticism of one another, or to resort to impertinent or insulting speech of any kind, under the plea of "the freedom of speech." The man who knocked you down for speaking rudely of his wife in his presence, had just as good a right to shield himself under a plea of "the freedom of the fist," as you had to shield yourself under the plea of "the freedom of speech."

TUBAL.—Your friend acted indiscreetly, as well as ungentlemanly, in saying, in the presence of members of the Masonic fraternity, that the Masonic order is a disgrace to civilization, and that no decent man ever did or ever will belong to it. Besides, he stated a falsehood; for many of the best men that have ever lived—Washington, among others—have been Masons. Your friend, therefore, must have been either a very ignorant or a very untruthful man, as well as an ungentlemanly one. The members of the order [illegible] to take no notice of him, and it was a great pity that the landlord did not behave with equal good sense. Silent contempt is the most effective weapon of chastisement which can be wielded against such unmannerly ignoramuses.

UNCERTAIN says that he and another man both "go to see" a certain young lady who treats them with the most provoking impartiality. "I am sure that she likes one or the other of us," says our correspondent; "but I cannot make out which it is, and I want you to tell me how to make the discovery." You must use all your faculties of observation, and come to an opinion on the result of your observings; or else you must ask the young lady herself which of you she prefers, or get the "other man" to ask her. The chances are that she doesn't care a rush about either of you; for if she really cared enough for either to *prefer* him to the other, you would be apt to perceive which was the favored one.

PROFESSOR wants to know "why, in this country, we seldom find the health of those who devote themselves to literary pursuits, or the learned professions, to be good?" We suppose one reason is that such people are apt to be ignorant of the laws of health, and destitute of practical science, and deficient in common-sense. They generally permit their ambition to ride over them rough-shod, and manage in this way and that to keep themselves pretty constantly in a state of high mental excitement. They take but little recreation, seldom relax their minds or bodies, indulge in no invigorating sports, and so wear themselves out by the time that they should and might be in the very flush of their physical and mental powers.

NONA.—As you have written repeatedly to your lover, who is at no great distance from you, without receiving any response from him, it is not incumbent upon you to write again until he answers some of the letters which you have already sent to him. He may have gone away from the place of his residence on a visit; in which case he will get your letters on his return—unless he stays away too long; in which event they will be returned to you by the post-office authorities at the end of three months.

PONTOON.—The word *guerrilla* is Spanish, and means, literally, "a little war;" hence its application to partisan or irregular warfare, which is necessarily carried on in a weak and spasmodic manner, and which inevitably degenerates at last into mere robbery or (as it is more properly designated in the West) *bushwhacking*. Guerrillas or bushwhackers should not have the courtesies or amenities of war extended to them, but should be put to death in the manner most convenient to their captors.

C. T.—You should not let the declaration of your learned friend that the story of William Tell is a fable, or at best an unauthenticated legend, trouble you so deeply. Suppose his statement true, what of it? Or, what of it, if it be false? If it be necessary for your earthly happiness to believe the entire story of William Tell, you ought to read only those authors who advocate the great Swiss archer, and listen to nobody who impugns the authenticity of his stated career.

PORTER.—In asking a lady if you may "go home with her," or anything of that sort, the simplest form of address is the best, as we have repeatedly said. "May I accompany you home this evening?" will do; or, "May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home?" Any phrase which will convey the idea will answer, if it be only sincere and well meant. A lady is always very charitable towards a man who pays her such a compliment.

DAY SCHOLAR.—If you cannot conscientiously comply with any rule of the school which you are attending, you should state the case to the principal and get excused from such compliance, if possible; and failing that, you would of course have to quit the school, as it would not answer to allow any pupil to set a rule of the institution at defiance. Absolute obedience from every scholar, even in the most trifling matters of discipline, should be inexorably exacted.

MELISSA.—If you have weak eyes, you should stop reading in bed by gaslight; and you should abandon such a pernicious practice even if your eyes are as sound as an eagle's. According to your statement of the case, you are now in a fair way to ruin your eyes utterly. Lying abed to read in the morning till after breakfast, is a disgusting habit.

TULLY.—When a general who has proved his skill and valor on many a hard-fought field, orders a movement which is disapproved by some inferior officer, it is always safe to believe that the general knew what should have been done, and that he did the right thing at the right time.

D. M. S.—This correspondent says that he detests boys, and that boys are the pest of his life. "They are so full of all manner of tricks and silliness," he says, "and are so unmitigatedly selfish, that I perfectly abominate them. Right under my window do they most congregate to plan their games, and I am perforce compelled to listen to their outlandish jargon and everlasting quarrels from hour to hour, and even all day long, and sometimes far into the hours of evening. They have one invocation to some boyish deity to me unknown, which they much affect, and repeat with an enthusiasm worthy of higher things. Perhaps it is an incantation used to exorcise some demon inimical to boyish dreams; or perhaps it is sheer nonsense such as boys are prone to. I have taken the trouble to write it down, as nearly correct as many repetitions could make it, and here it is:

"'One-ery, you-ery, dickery, davy;
Wonomicrack and tenomilavy;
Husty, busty, married and fine;
Humpety-bumpety; ninety-nine!'

If there be any learned pundit, savan, moonshee, or brahmin extant who can give me the English of that, and tell me its significance in the universal order of things, he will earn a right to my lasting gratitude; and if, in addition thereto, he could and would tell me how to get rid of the annoyance which boys subject me to, I would build a monument to his memory, or cause one to be built." The way for you to get rid of the annoyance which boys subject you to, is to have a human and manly appreciation of the excellence of boys, and to take an interest in their sports. You would then enjoy with them their boundless fun and jollity, and learn that their "incantations," as you call them, are really very fine things for the purposes for which they are intended, and that some of them are worked up with a good deal of ingenuity. A man who *detests* boys must in some respects be himself detestible.

TECUMSEH.—There are but two ways whereby you can hope soon to find your run-away son, one of which is by advertisement and the other by personal inquiry and pursuit. Inasmuch as you ask our opinion of your conduct towards your son, we will say that it was excessively injudicious, not to say cruel. When he came to you and acknowledged his error, and asked your forgiveness, and promised to do his best in the future, you should have accepted the atonement joyfully, and given him as cordial and loving a reception as possible. At that moment, which was probably the crisis of the poor boy's life, his heart was melted in his bosom and ready to be moulded to any shape which your paternal hand might give it. You, moved by that contemptible spirit of petty, domestic tyranny, which is the disgrace and bane of so many households, upraided your son in that supreme moment, turned his heart to gall, froze all the generous affections of his nature, and thereby sent him forth a wanderer upon the face of the earth, preferring any place in the wide world to that wherein his father dwells. Should he eventually come to a disgraceful death, the main impulsion thereto may be traced to your treatment of him on the occasion referred to. You should of course endeavor to get him back under the paternal roof, and do the best you can for him.

A. C. R. says that he and a friend have had a "fierce discussion" as to whether a widower, recently bereaved by the loss of his wife, should wait a year before he begins to court another one, or whether a six-months' probation would not be sufficient. "I maintain," says A. C. R., "that a man should refrain even from going into society for at least one year after his wife's death, and that under no circumstances should he pay his addresses to a lady in a less period than that. But my friend thinks that six months is long enough for a man to forego the pleasures of society, or the delights of courtship and love, no matter what domestic affliction may have overtaken him. In fact, he argues that the severer the affliction the more reason he has to solace himself with new ties of affection. And as we can't agree at all on the subject, we come to you for a settlement of the question. What do you say about it?" We say that in our opinion it would be indecent for a man to marry within six months after the death of his former wife; and that we should never be able to confide in the moral integrity of a man or woman who should make such vulgar haste to insult the memory of a deceased wife or husband.

GATCHEL.—You probably take too much notice of the quarrels of your children, and by your authoritative interference make a serious and pernicious matter of what would otherwise be an innocent and harmless affair. It is maintained by those who seem to know best about such matters that all *good* children [illegible] and that it is wholesome for them to do so, so long as they are let alone by their elders. It is also held to be a fact that [illegible] velop into a mean, sneaking, hypocritical man, is not a quarrelsome or fighting child, but is generally looked upon by the undiscerning as a "good boy." The best way to manage such matters is to inculcate, *at all times*, a spirit of manliness and generosity in your sons,—a hatred of meanness, cowardice and cruelty, and an admiration for magnanimity, bravery and kindness,—an abhorrence of wrong and injustice, and a love of right and equity, and after a time you will have no trouble about their quarrels. In short, children must be *developed out of* their juvenile or natural faults and defects, and not whipped or scolded into a *suppression of their manifestation* when in the presence of superiors or of those having the power to punish them.

HARRISBURG.—"Was I right or wrong," asks this correspondent, "in ridiculing an old gentleman who, having had three sons in the army, all of whom served three years without receiving a single scratch, ascribed their escape and safety to his prayers for them? I know other praying fathers, and praying mothers too, whose sons have been cut down by bayonet, bullet, and sabre, and torn by bursting shells, and smitten by disease and died lingering deaths, notwithstanding all the prayers that have been made in their behalf. I told the old gentleman this, and then asked him if he thought *his* prayers were so much more efficacious than other people's. He called me impertinent, and profane, and sacrilegious, and applied other abusive epithets to me, and now I wish to know which of us was in the right." *You* were decidedly in the wrong; nor was the old gentleman in the right, when he applied abusive epithets to you. It is always wrong for any one to ridicule sacred things, or to call them in question in the manner adopted by you on the occasion referred to; and it is also wrong for any one to *abuse* a man for so doing. *Abuse* is not a weapon of sacred or Christian warfare.

VERBENA.—Perhaps if you would cultivate cheerfulness of temper you would find that your domestic burdens would rest less heavily upon your spirit. A woman who allows her temper frequently to go on the rampage, and who frets and scolds about trifles, very much increases her troubles and burdens thereby, and not only *hers* but her husband's and children's also. "The tongue of a scolding woman is like a sandy way to weary feet," says an oriental writer; a metaphor which was probably ground out of his very soul by the scoldings of some Hebraic Zantippe, after he had traversed the Lybian desert on foot, and come home without bringing his wife a new shawl or turban.

DORY.—If you are half as peevish as you represent yourself to be, we do not wonder that your family is constantly unhappy and discontented. A cheerful temper on the part of a wife and mother is about the best guaranty a family can have for its contentment; but if the husband and father be a morose brute, he will of course do much to neutralize the happifying effects of a mother's cheerfulness. *Your* peevishness may, to a great extent, be occasioned by physical weakness or exhaustion, or by ill-health, and you should consult your physician about it. Industrious, self-sacrificing women often ruin their health without knowing it.

DANGEROUS.—You have probably magnified the dangers of your position. Some people take a deal of comfort in imagining themselves to be objects of popular hatred, or subjects of persecution by those in power. Such notions flatter their self-conceit and gratify their vanity. We do not mean to insinuate that you belong to that class; but you had better "look the matter over carefully," and see just what foundation you really have for your fears.

LOVER.—We have repeatedly said that it is an unfair and unmanly thing for a man to try to bind a woman in an engagement or courtship while he himself remains uncommitted to her, and has things so ordered that if he "sees a chance to do better" he can avail himself of it. Such conduct on the part of a man is unspeakably base; and if you attempt to play such a despicable game it is to be hoped that you will meet with merited retribution.

ROLAND.—Your chance "to win distinction in the army, by entering as a second lieutenant," is probably as good as anybody's. But if you enter the army simply to win distinction, you will stand a chance *not* to win it. Men who serve from an inspiration born of love for the cause for which they peril their lives are generally the ones who win distinction.

**** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*